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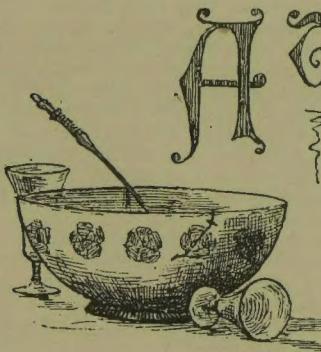
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FOR
PARTIES,
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OUTFITS.



TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.



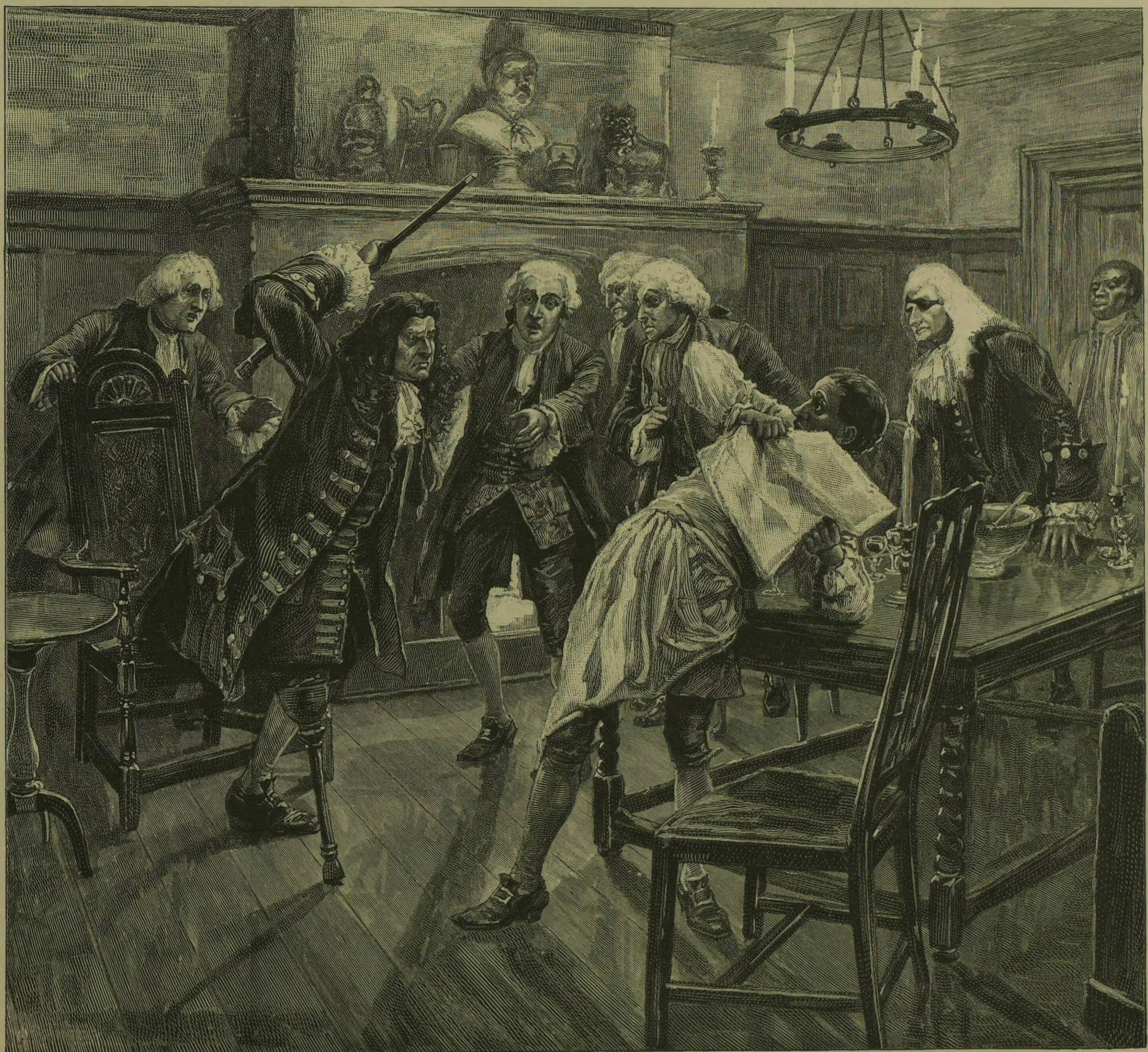
AND in the corner of the market-square in the ancient town of St. Ives, Cornwall, there stands a picturesque old hostelry called the "Golden Lion." Until quite lately it had for its near neighbour an inn equally picturesque, and perhaps even older, the "George and Dragon." Both these ancient houses of entertainment must have witnessed many

strange events, besides being the scene of many a jovial drinking bout after the gathering in of the "harvest of the sea," or at the less lawful landing of a contraband cargo, or at the end of a successful privateering expedition. For all these things your Cornish man hath an excellent relish. On this spot was the palladium of the liberties of St. Ives, for here stood the whipping-post, the cage, and the stocks. The George and Dragon must have been the fashionable hostel, for after the Cornish Pilgrimage of Grace the King's Commissioner, Sir Anthony Kingston, lodged here, and entertained at dinner the Portreeve of St. Ives, whom he afterwards politely hanged in the market-square for his treasonable practices. Here, also, the Duke of Bolton, when he visited the town in 1699, "was treated with six bottles of sack." The two houses stood so close together—being divided only by the narrow street leading into the market-square—that the occupants could wish each other good-morning from the windows.

In the days of George II, Peter Hexel was landlord of the George and Dragon, and John Renowden ruled the Golden

Lion. They were not only neighbours, but fast friends. There was, perhaps, something in the similarity of the circumstances of these two men that strengthened their friendship. They were both widowers, and each had an only child. Richard Hexel was a handsome, strapping fellow of three-and-twenty. Mary Renowden was nineteen, and the pride of her father's heart. As children they had played together; but there came a time when they only looked and smiled and nodded to each other from the opposite windows. Then Richard would watch for Mary when she went out, and would follow her into the fields or on the seashore; and so it came to be at length another version of the old, old story, which surprised nobody—least of all the landlords of the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion, who looked forward to the time when the interests of both those ancient establishments should become one and indivisible.

But there was one person who watched the growing affection of the lovers with a bitter and jealous heart. This



"Thou chin-scaping scoundrel! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's brain!"

would not be a true love-story, according to the ancient and regular pattern, had there been nothing to interrupt its smooth and even course. A certain Thomas Champer, the son of a mine-master in the neighbouring parish of Zennor, had long looked with longing eyes on Mary Renowden. His visits were discouraged by the host of the Golden Lion, and Mary herself made it very plain that she disliked his attentions. Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his feelings when Champer found that he was rejected in favour of one who had been his successful rival from boyhood. Richard Hexel had "taken him down" at school—in the wrestling bouts at "Feastide" had thrown him in the "Cornish hug," and had constantly snatched the victory from him in the game of "hurling." All these defeats he had endured with comparative indifference, but to be beaten in the game of love was not so easy to bear. He watched the lovers in their walks, till he felt he could do anything, short of murder, to get his rival out of the way. He thought if Hexel were once removed from the scene, he might yet succeed with Mary, trusting to time and the chapter of accidents. About this time the Government declared war against Spain, and it was certain that men would be wanted for the Navy. If the King's ships could not be manned by other means, the press-gangs would be out, and they would first of all try their luck at the seaports. What if they should visit St. Ives! It was not unlikely—and they would be glad of a hint where good men were to be found. Thomas Champer turned this matter over in his mind till he persuaded himself that he would be doing good service to the State, and furthering his own interests at the same time, if he could lend a helping hand in manning the Navy, provided always he could himself keep out of the way, for he had no desire to serve his country on board a man-of-war. He was full of such thoughts when he made one of his periodical journeys to Falmouth on mining business, and sought out a certain "crimp," or agent for entrapping seamen for the press-gang. What he did there, or what arguments he used to advance his plans, we need not inquire, but the "crimp" was richer by some pounds at the termination of the interview.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and the good people of St. Ives were preparing to keep the festival with due honour. The usual excitement of the season had been increased in the course of the afternoon by the appearance of a sloop-of-war which anchored in the bay, and it was expected that some of the officers and crew would come ashore to join in the general merrymaking. After dark a band of mummers entered the market-square, and, stopping in front of the George and Dragon, commenced the performance of the Christmas drama of "St. George." Soon a large crowd was collected, and the noise brought to the doors and windows of the houses most of the persons who were within, including the frequenters of a little club which met at the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion alternately.

In the midst of a terrific combat between St. George and the Turkish knight there was a commotion among the crowd, and a party of armed sailors appeared, headed by a tall fellow, who, flourishing a naked cutlass, cried, "In the King's name!" The crowd at once broke away amid the screams of women and cries of "The Press! the Press!" The sailors made a dash at some of the younger men in the crowd, and among those they secured was Richard Hexel, who was standing at his father's door. The party then retreated with their captives, closely followed by the crowd, crying, "Down with the press-gang! Down with them!" More than once the sailors were so hard pressed that those in the rear had to turn and make a stand in the narrow streets, and a serious conflict was threatened. But they reached their boats with the men they had captured, and at daylight next morning the sloop-of-war in the bay had disappeared.

That night there was much wailing among the women of St. Ives, and a fruitful subject of talk was afforded to the club at the George and Dragon. Among the members of this club were Captain Trenwith, a retired officer of the Navy, who had sailed with Admiral Benbow, and had lost a leg in the service of his country; Mr. Matthews, ropemaker and Mayor of St. Ives; old Will Nance, who had once been a smuggler, and who wore a patch over his left eye, which had been knocked out in some encounter with revenue officers; and, lastly, John Tackabird, the town barber, who, although occupying a lower social position, was allowed to associate after business hours with the men whose wigs he dressed in the morning. But the barber was in advance of his time, and held opinions which Captain Trenwith and the Mayor thought little less than treasonable. John Tackabird was, in fact, a Democrat; and on the present occasion he was loud in his denunciation of the press-gang, which he said was contrary to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—a tyrannical and unconstitutional violation of the liberty of the subject, and showed that we were a nation of down-trodden slaves, writhing under the iron heel of despotism.

"Where," said he, waving a newspaper he held in his hand, "where are our boasted liberties, when the hirelings of a corrupt Government can thrust themselves into our houses and carry off our sons and brothers, and force them to fight in the unholy quarrels of Kings and their unscrupulous Ministers? How long are we to be chained to the chariot-wheels of a bloodthirsty oligarchy? How long?"

"Tut, tut!" interposed Captain Trenwith with warmth. "Stop thy palaver, John Tackabird. The King must have men for his ships."

"Men for his ships, Captain Trenwith!" retorted the barber; "let the King get them by fair and honest means, and then he will perchance have men who will stick to their colours, and not run away as some of Admiral Benbow's ships did in the West Indies!"

This was a sore subject with Captain Trenwith, who could endure no slur on the British Navy, and who had himself been an officer on board Admiral Benbow's ship at the time referred to. The barber felt he had gone too far, but the mischief was done.

The Captain rose from his seat, his face purple with rage. "Thou d—d chin-scraping scoundrel! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's brain!"

"Nay, nay, Cap'n," cried Will Nance; "let John Tackabird be. Mayhap he hath spoken unwisely, but 'tis well known Cap'n Wade and Cap'n Kirby were shot at Plymouth for deserting the Admiral."

"Yes," said Captain Trenwith, resuming his seat, his anger having passed away as suddenly as it came—"yes, and shooting was too good for them. They ought to have been hanged at the yard-arm—and so should some others that I wot of!" here he looked hard at the *éclatant* smuggler.

"Well, but"—resumed the barber, whose tongue must needs wag in spite of his fear of the Captain—"touching this matter of the press-gang?"

"I'll hear no more on 't," cried Captain Trenwith; "'tis in every fool's mouth that one volunteer is worth ten pressed men; but I have seen pressed men fight as bravely as the best—and as for Admiral Benbow, he fought his ship like a

hero, and died the death of a gallant old sea-dog as he was. If some of his men left him in the lurch, enough remained to save the honour of England. But hark ye, John Tackabird, let me warn thee that there be some matters had better be forgotten."

At that moment, a steaming bowl of punch being brought in, all further unpleasantness disappeared under its soothing influence. The party, which now included Peter Hexel and John Renowden, drew in their chairs, and the former proceeded to fill the glasses of his guests with a silver punch-ladle that had a guinea let into the bottom of it. As it was not yet known that young Hexel was one of the pressed men, there was nothing to cloud their enjoyment. A visit from the press-gang was too common an occurrence in seaport towns in those days to excite much remark, save among those who were the immediate sufferers. Captain Trenwith said he would take upon himself to propose a toast, which he hoped no one present would refuse to drink. The King of England had declared war against Spain, and, as the Spaniards had seized all the British ships in their harbours, he thought the sooner they closed with the enemy the better. He begged to propose the health of King George and success to the British arms. If they lived to see another Christmas Eve he doubted not they would be able to say the honour of England had been well maintained. As the punch was exceeding good, and had put much heart into every man of the company, the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Even John Tackabird smacked his lips with satisfaction.

"It hath been reported," said Will Nance, "that Admiral Vernon is gone as Commander-in-Chief to the West Indies, and that he swears to take Portobello on the Spanish Main, even if he hath no more than six ships wherewith to do it."

"I know not how that may be," said the incorrigible barber. "If he has only pressed men to back him, I doubt it."

With an ominous glance at the last speaker, Captain Trenwith cut the matter short. "We shall see," said he. "When 'tis done we shall doubtless hear on 't—but what noise is that outside? What now, Tom Champer? What's amiss?"

"There's much amiss, Captain Trenwith," said young Champer, who now entered the room. "Dick Hexel is among the pressed men. He was seen in the last boat when they put off from the shore."

"What! my son taken by the press-gang!" cried Peter Hexel, starting to his feet. "Zounds! I'll not believe it—there must be some mistake."

"I fear there is no mistake," said Champer; and there was a gleam of satisfaction on his face, which he tried to conceal with a pretended look of concern. "There be those outside who saw him carried off, and the officer swore he would sink the first boat that dared to go nigh the ship."

Old Hexel hurried out, followed by John Renowden.

"If the lad is really pressed," said Captain Trenwith, "I hope he will remain in the service. Sure I am he won't disgrace it. No lad of spirit should refuse to serve his country when old England's enemies are afoot. But come, sit down, Tom Champer, and help us to finish the punch."

Will Nance, who was already "three sheets in the wind," as he would himself have expressed it, boisterously inquired of Champer how it was that he himself had escaped capture by the press-gang.

"Thou art a likely lad enough," said he, "and would swab a deck as well as another."

"I was not in the town," answered Champer. "I have but now walked over from Zennor."

"Ah!" cried Nance, with a drunken wink at the rest of the company, "trust a Zennor man to take care of himself. They're a wise folk in their gen-er-en-eration. They know why the cow ate the bell-rope."

"Just as St. Ives folk know why they whipped the hake," retorted Champer, angrily.

The Captain interposed. "Come, come," said he, "no more cross words on Christmas Eve. 'Tis near midnight. You and I, Mr. Mayor, must set a good example by appearing in church to-morrow morning, so let us jog homewards."

The Mayor crossed the room with a devious gait. "Your sherrant, Cap'n Tren'th. Sherrant, Sir—happy to 'tnd you," and the Mayor of St. Ives solemnly staggered after Captain Trenwith, who stumped away on his wooden leg, escorted by his black servant carrying a lantern. The rest of the company also departed, and the George and Dragon was left in solitude and darkness. But lights were burning in the Golden Lion long after midnight. Three anxious hearts were there holding communion, and vainly trying to find a way out of the trouble that had come upon them.

After the first shock of grief for the loss of her lover was over, Mary Renowden dried her tears and reviewed the situation with a strength of mind and a coolness of judgment that astonished her father and Peter Hexel.

"Dick will return after a time," she said; "I am sure he will. He is strong and brave, and has always been lucky. Perhaps he will do something that will make his name famous, and then we shall all be proud of him."

Cheered by this hopeful spirit of hers, the two old men plucked up their hearts, and all three appeared in their usual places at church on Christmas Day. After service, as they stood in the churchyard gazing rather wistfully over the sea, they were joined by Thomas Champer, who wished them a "Merry Christmas!" and uttered some clumsy expressions of condolence about Richard Hexel. He had heard, he said, that the sloop had gone to Falmouth, and if it would be any satisfaction he would write to a friend there, or would even go over himself and make any arrangements they pleased for helping Dick; but he feared there was little hope of his release now that war had broken out.

These friendly overtures rather softened the hearts of the two fathers; but Mary felt sure that Champer was insincere. His hypocrisy was not proof against her woman's instinct. She turned coldly away, and he left them, racking his brain for some means of presenting his suit in a favourable light.

Day after day Thomas Champer came to the Golden Lion and sought every possible opportunity of addressing Mary; but his perseverance was useless. She would not listen to him. He saw that his suit was hopeless, and that he had gained nothing by the absence of Richard Hexel. Yet he continued to haunt the neighbourhood of the Golden Lion, until one night he encountered the press-gang, which had made another descent on St. Ives, and he was caught in the same trap he had set for his rival. In the meantime, letters had come from Richard Hexel. He wrote that he was well, and only unhappy because he was parted from Mary. He had joined the West Indian Squadron under Admiral Vernon, and expected he would soon be able to tell them something about the war. So time passed on, and the spring came.

The club had assembled one Saturday evening in the parlour of the Golden Lion. The customary bowl of punch was on the table; but Captain Trenwith had not arrived, and the serious business of the evening could not begin without

him. To pass the time, Will Nance stirred the fire, and, lighting a pipe, remarked that the evenings were something chilly, though the spring had come, in spite of the men of Towednack.

"What have the men of Towednack to do with the spring?" said the Mayor of St. Ives.

"Why, know you not," replied Nance, "that the men of Towednack built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep the spring back? But what's this news from the fleet? 'Tis rumoured Portobello is taken."

"Tis true," said John Renowden; "my daughter hath a letter from Richard Hexel, who was on board the Hampton Court, and engaged in the fight."

"What? Dick Hexel hath smelt gunpowder, then, in a real battle? Hurrah for old England and beloved St. Ives!"

"Amen!" cried Captain Trenwith, who came stumping into the room. "Yes, friends, 'tis all true. Here is a copy of the *Daily Post*, dated March 29, wherein is an account of the battle, writ by a gentleman on board the Burford, the Admiral's own ship. Fill the glasses, and John Tackabird shall read out the narrative."

Under the combined attractions of the punch and the newspaper, all eagerly drew round the table, and the barber, after clearing his throat, commenced:—

"On the afternoon of the 21st, about two o'clock, we came up with Portobello Harbour, where the Spaniards had hoisted upon the Iron Castle the flag of defiance. They welcomed us with a terrible volley, which, being at so short a distance, took place with almost every shot. One struck away the stern of our barge; another broke a large gun upon our upper deck; a third went through our foretop-mast; and a fourth, passing through the arming within two inches of our mainmast, broke down the barricade of our quarter-deck very near the Admiral, and killed three men in a moment, wounding five others who stood by them. This looked as if we should have bloody work, but was far from discouraging our brave fellows!"

The barber continued to read how the Spaniards were driven from their guns, and the English landed: "One man set himself close under an embrasure whilst another climbed upon his shoulders and entered under the mouth of a great gun. This so dismayed the Spaniards that they threw down their arms and fled for their lives!"

"I would give a guinea to know 'twas a Cornish man who did that," cried Captain Trenwith; "twas a brave action."

"Set your heart at rest, then, Captain," said Peter Hexel, "twas Richard Hexel who did it. I have a letter from my son wherein he recounts this very same adventure."

"Then your son is a credit to Cornwall, and we'll drink his health, my friend," and the Captain got up and heartily shook Peter Hexel by the hand. "Compound us another bowl of punch, John Renowden; and see that it be worthy of the occasion."

That night the rafters of the Golden Lion rang with the cheers which greeted the toasts of "The British Navy" and "The Hero of St. Ives"—as Captain Trenwith was pleased to call Richard Hexel.

It was doubtless the darkness that made it so difficult for the Mayor and the Captain to find their way home that night, though they were escorted as usual by the black servant with a lighted lantern. The Mayor accounted to his wife for a headache which oppressed him next morning by the extreme exertion he had been obliged to use in supporting Captain Trenwith, who, poor man! having only one leg, could not be expected to walk as firmly as other people.

You may be sure the heart of Mary Renowden was gladdened by the news that had come about her lover; but months passed away, and nothing more was heard of him. At length there came a letter, stating that he had been severely wounded in an action with a Spanish ship in the West Indies, had been discharged, and was then lying in hospital at Falmouth. Old Hexel at once started for that place, and found poor Dick pale and thin from wounds and fever, but in good spirits and anxious to return home. The doctors, however, would not hear of it, and ordered the patient to lay up a week or two longer; and then, perhaps, he might be allowed to go. His father was, therefore, compelled to leave him and return to St. Ives, where he was eagerly expected by John Renowden and his daughter. When two weeks had passed, they all three went over to Falmouth, when the finishing touch was put to Dick's recovery by the embraces of his happy sweetheart.

* * * * *

"Time, though old, is strong in flight," says the old song; and he has brought us once more to Christmas Eve. The club is assembled at the George and Dragon; there is a brimming punch-bowl on the board, and the silver ladle with the golden guinea is in active operation. The talk is of the war, and John Tackabird has been reading aloud an account of a battle in the Bay of Biscay, where a large Spanish ship had been taken, and where the name of Tom Champer figured among the killed.

The mummers, having finished their Christmas play, have departed on their rounds; but suddenly they are heard returning, with cheers and shouts. The clatter of horses' hoofs is heard on the paved streets.

"Tis Dick Hexel come back," cries the barber, looking out of the window.

"Let us give him welcome," said Captain Trenwith. "He is a brave lad, and hath fought and bled for the British flag!"

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd outside.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the Captain and his companions as they hurried to the door; and there, sure enough, was Dick Hexel, on horseback, with Mary Renowden seated on a pillion behind him, while Peter Hexel and John Renowden had already dismounted, and were undergoing a vigorous handshaking among the crowd. The club sat late in session that night, and Captain Trenwith would fain have had Dick in to tell how he had scaled the ramparts of Portobello; but Dick excused himself on the plea of fatigue, and he spent the evening much more to his liking in the company of Mary Renowden. "I do suppose," said Will Nance, "Dick Hexel will have a considerable sum in the way of prize-money coming to him?"

"If he lives to be an old man it may, perhaps, come to him," said John Tackabird; "but the tyrannical abuse of power under an oligarchy!"

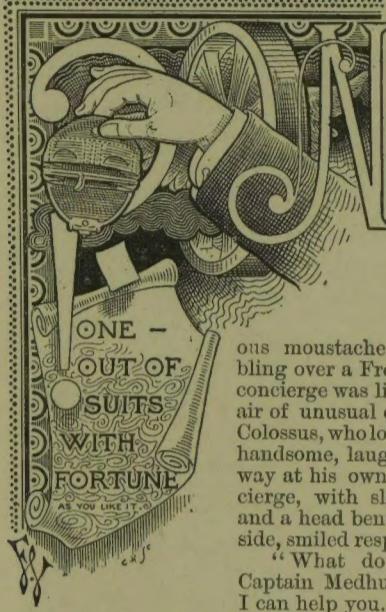
"D—n your hard words!" cried Captain Trenwith; "they would break any man's jaw but yours. I tell ye, a true man will do his duty whether he is paid for it or no; and may I never live to see the day when a British tar will think more of profit than of honour!"

This sentiment of the good old Captain ought, according to the usual custom of the stage, to bring down the curtain on our little drama; but, to satisfy the reader, we beg to state that in the early spring Richard Hexel espoused Mary Renowden in the parish church of St. Ives, and Captain Trenwith proposed the health of the young couple in the parlour of the Golden Lion, which ancient hostility is still standing in evidence of the entire truth of this narrative.

PAUL JONES'S ALIAS.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH'S COAT," "AUNT RACHEL," "CYNIC FORTUNE," &c.



The handsome Rufus turned with an immediate smile.

"I want," he said, "to make this man understand that somebody must go to the North Station and get my traps for me, and that this is the ticket for them."

He had a full, deep voice, which was in excellent keeping with his great chest and shoulders, and in rather comic keeping with an unusually pronounced New England tone. Medhurst translated, the concierge took the slip of paper, and the handsome American, with a smile of great sweetness and candour, thanked his helper, and rushed up-stairs three steps at a time.

"Have you any letters for me?" Medhurst asked. The concierge searched gravely amongst a pile of letters on the table of his own little room, and shook his head.

"There is nothing but this, Sir."

"This" was the hotel bill, and Medhurst, coldly accepting it, turned away and walked slowly and deliberately up-stairs. Arrived at his room, he broke open the envelope in which the bill was enclosed, and found it accompanied by a note requesting immediate payment. The cashier informed him that it was the custom of the house to ask payment of its clientele every eight days, and added that fifteen days had expired since Captain Harley Medhurst's arrival at the hotel. An immediate response would oblige. He read this, thrusting his moustache into his mouth meanwhile, and biting at it with an angry perplexity.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered. "Infernal impertinence! Tell him so, begad!"

His hands strayed forlornly to his pockets, groped there, and came out again, empty. He took a cigarette-case from his overcoat and opened it. That was empty also; and he returned it slowly, looking downward intently at the pattern of the carpet. Then he "confounded" the fellow's impertinence again, and sat down in an arm-chair beside a handful of wood fire which lingered on the hearth. By-and-by, he rang the bell, and, one of the hotel servants appearing in answer, he bade him bring a carafe of cognac, a syphon of seltzer-water, and half-a-dozen cigars. The man bowed with perfect respectfulness and went away, but, after a lengthy pause, returned, furtive and ashamed. Would Monsieur have the obligingness to descend? The manager would be honoured if Monsieur would speak with him.

Captain Medhurst replied that if the manager had anything to say, he might come there and say it. The embarrassed waiter bowed and tried to smile as he edged himself out of the room. He would deliver Monsieur's message, he replied, and without doubt the manager would at once ascend. In effect, he presented himself a minute later. He was very polite, very respectful and regretful, but inexorable. Captain Harley Medhurst was unknown in the hotel: it was his first visit there. Doubtless his remittances would arrive. The manager devoutly hoped so, and was utterly desolate at the thought of submitting him to inconvenience. But without money nothing more could be found for the Captain in that house.

Captain Medhurst was wrathful, and stood upon his dignity. He made certain statements about his family, his connections by marriage, and his friends, which might perhaps have sounded a little piteous if any other English gentleman had been there to listen to them. It was all true, no doubt, said the unmoved manager; but people who kept an hotel kept it to make a profit. It was their misfortune not to know Captain Medhurst more intimately. Monsieur spoke so perfect a French that without doubt he had many acquaintances in Paris. His room was in absolute requisition: a lady was even now waiting to inspect it, and, in short, there was apparently nothing for it but for Captain Harley Medhurst to retire.

The Captain was naturally and bitterly indignant. He gave the manager to understand that his enormous social influence in England would be devoted for the rest of his days to keeping travellers away from a house in which he had received so little consideration. The manager said, over and over again, that he was desolate, but did not look it in the least.

But, sacred Heaven! the Captain demanded to know what was he to do? He expected remittances by the next post.

He had not a franc in his purse; he did not know a single person at that hour in Paris. Did they mean to thrust him—an English gentleman, an officer in her Britannic Majesty's service, a cousin of Lord this and Lady that—into the streets?

"Désolé, Monsieur!" returned the manager, and was simply incredulous and unmoved.

Why was he treated in this way? the Captain asked. Surely it was not an unheard-of thing that a gentleman should be without money for a few days in a foreign capital? He was careless about his financial arrangements, and the thing had happened to him before, though he must confess that on that occasion he had met with widely different treatment. At this the manager, with an assumed air of sudden recollection, drew forth a pocket-book, and from it produced a little rose-coloured ticket from the national pawnshop. It related, as the hapless Captain knew perfectly well, to a watch confided to the care of *sa tante* ten days ago.

Monsieur had had the ill-fortune to drop that in the hall of the hotel an hour before, on leaving.

"Some thief of a waiter," said the Captain, shamefacedly, "felt in my pockets when he brushed my clothes."

The manager shrugged his shoulders, and would have nothing to say to that accusation, and the unfortunate Captain, with the accusing ticket in his hand—evidence of nearly a fortnight's absolute poverty—stared blankly before him. At this moment a knock sounded at the door, and the manager, opening it, revealed an ostentatious Briton, in a gorgeous fur coat, frogged all down the front, and an offensively brilliant hat cocked jauntily on one side of his head.

"For God's sake, Daisy!" said the Captain, feebly, "have you got the money about you? They're talking about turning me out here, and I haven't a cent."

"Money, my boy?" responded the timely Daisy, swaggering into the room, and pulling off his fur-rimmed gloves as if he were a boxer getting rid of the mufflers after a victorious encounter. "What's the damage? Anything up to fifty thousand francs I'm game for."

He opened his furred overcoat with a rollicking swagger, and thrusting an over-jewelled hand into an inner pocket, threw a swollen pocket-book upon the bed-room table.

"Help yourself, my boy. Pay the blackguard. Like the impudence of these damned foreigners! Pay him, begad, and slang him."

The fat pocket-book was actually crammed with bank-notes for a thousand francs. The Captain's eye, which had naturally a frozen look, glittered as he saw this; but he selected one note from the bulky roll with perfect quiet, and handed it with a silent dignity to the manager. Then never was man more abashed, more humiliated, more desolate, or more fluent in declaration of these sentiments. Monsieur le Capitaine would confess himself that the circumstances had looked strange. If he (the manager) had been the proprietor of the hotel it was simply inconceivable that he could have acted as he had done; but he was a salaried servant, responsible to a company, and had only followed instructions from which he had no power to depart.

"I see," said the Captain, "that you have made out my bill for the whole day. I will dine here, therefore, and after dinner shall leave your house. Where are you staying, Daisy?"

"I'm not staying anywhere. I've just come up from the sunny South by the train of luxury. I'll dine here with you. It's snowing like the very devil."

"I have told this fellow," said Captain Medhurst, "that I leave the hotel to-night."

"Should think so, by Jingo! Beastly impertinence! English gentleman! All damn fine! Why don't you slang the fellow? Give him a tongue-walking. I would, begad, if I spoke the lingo as you do."

"I have expressed my opinion of him already," said Medhurst, with dignity. "You can send up the received bill and the change," he added to the manager, who withdrew with an air of deference, and offered no further excuses.

"What's it mean, Daisy?" the Captain asked when they were alone. The man in the fur coat sat on the bed, and majestically twirled his moustaches and his glittering rings, smiling and wagging his head with mingled pride and cunning. By-and-by he hooked a finger at the pocket-book which still lay on the table, and gave a leary wink. The Captain, readily translating these signs, handed him the wealthy volume. His fingers lingered on it as the owner accepted it, and the two looked at each other—Medhurst puzzled and curious, and the other man beaming with complacency. "How did you get hold of all that pile?"

"Aha! my boy," responded the new-comer, returning his property to his pocket, "how do you think I got hold of it? I'll tell you what it is, Medhurst. The Martingale is as good as gold. I've tried it, and that's the result of one night's work. I don't say you can do it every day, because there are times when the luck runs against the best system in the world."

"You've been at Monte Carlo?" said the other; "you've been playing at the tables there?"

"That's it, my boy. That's where I've been, and that's what I've been doing."

"Of all the incurable asses I ever met," cried Medhurst, "you're the stupidest! You risked my hundred as well as your own, I know. It's not a bit of use telling me that you didn't. I wouldn't believe you if you gave me your oath about it."

The Daisy, who had been satirically christened by the name of the wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower in compliment

to his general efflorescence, wagged his head with a completely satisfied air, and winked at his companion.

"You keep your hair on, old man. I'm all right, and I'm going to do the square thing by you. I put twenty-five of yours to twenty-five of my own, and I went with a capital of fifty. I had to lie low at first, and skirmish about with five-franc pieces; but I hit 'em for the maximum over and over again before I'd done. If I'd lost your twenty-five I should simply have made you a present of it; but I knew jolly well I shouldn't lose it."

"You're an ass, Daisy!" said the Captain; but he said it in a softer tone than before, and in a little while so far subdued his virtuous indignation as to ask—"How much did you hit 'em for?"

"I've landed over a couple of thousand pounds. It's all there," he tapped the pocket in which the notes reposed. Medhurst advanced a hand, as if he were going to ask for his share of the spoil. "Wait a bit," said the beaming Daisy; "I want a square understanding first. I'm going back again, and I want you to come with me." Medhurst shook his head with great decision. "There you are," said the Daisy, "and that's why I don't hand the coin over at once. Now, mind you, you've got no more claim over half my winnings than you have on the ground-rent of St. Paul's Cathedral, if there is such a thing. I played for you just to show you what the system was; and I put a pony of yours into it because I knew you'd profit by it, and because I knew I should want you afterwards. If the system had broken down, you'd never have heard anything about it. I should have pocketed my losses and have said nothing."

"Well," said Medhurst, fixing his frozen eye upon him, "what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to come to Monty with me, and I want you to keep me cool and straight. I've got enough to play a great game now, and I'm going to play it. I'm going to bust that bank sky high. They've got a capital of millions sterling. They'll fight to the last gasp and bleed to the last drop before they'll give in. They can't afford to be beaten. They think they can't be beaten in the long run; and they won't stop a man who has once won heavily. They're game, my boy, and so am I; they're keen set, my boy, and so am I. Don't you think you're going to keep me away from it, Medhurst. I've heard all your lectures till I'm sick of 'em, and if you were to jaw from now to doomsday it wouldn't make a pennyworth of difference."

"Now, look here, Daisy," said Captain Medhurst, pulling off his overcoat and seating himself.

"You can go it, if you like," said the Daisy; "but it'll be in at one ear and out at the other. I'm thirsty: ring that blooming bell."

As the Captain turned to obey this request, a waiter knocked at the door, and brought in the received bill and the balance of the thousand-franc note.

"Here, I say, you!" began the Daisy. "Donny maw—Here, you try the lingo on him, Medhurst. Order a bottle of fizz. I can't get my tongue round this language a little bit. 'Donny,'" he pursued reflectively: "they used to call your fests your donnies, when I was at school. 'Maw' means 'me,' of course. 'Donny maw'—hand me." I suppose, when you come to know it, there's a bit of resemblance between French and English after all?"

Into the brilliant philological vista opened by this suggestion Captain Medhurst declined to enter.

"Give me a cigar," he said, "and I'll talk to you."

"You can save yourself the trouble," said the Daisy, doggedly. "Look here!" He drew out his pocket-book again, when he had thrown over his cigar-case to his companion, and fell to counting the notes it contained. "You've had one of them, and I made 'em fifty-eight this morning." He counted them carefully. "There you are! That's twenty-eight to you, and twenty-nine to me. Now, do you see that bundle? That's one thousand one hundred and twenty pounds! Do you see it?" Medhurst looked very hard at it indeed, and evidently saw it clearly. "Now, if you'll hold your jaw, and do what I want you, that's yours!"

"What do you want?"

"I want you to come back to Monty with me; I want you to master the system thoroughly, before you go; and I want you to come and see me play it. I get wild; I lose my head. I could have had a couple of hundred thousand the other night instead of this miserable handful; but I felt in such vein I dropped the system, and dropped a pretty tidy handful of money with it, too. I believe that if the tables hadn't closed they could have cleaned me out. Now, that's my weakness, and I know it. The system's all right, but I don't stick to it. Now, I want you to make me stick to it. If you see me going on anything else I shall authorise you to take the money off the table."

"I know what it will come to," said Medhurst, "if I consent. You'll lose your own money on your system, and then you'll borrow this, and neither you nor I will be a penny better for the luck you've had."

The Daisy took off his hat for the first time since entering the room.

"As true as God's my judge, Medhurst," he said solemnly, "I'll never ask you for a penny."

"If I take it," said Medhurst, "I shall do what I undertake to do; but no more. I sha'n't lend the money to be thrown away, and I'll have nothing to do with the tables except to watch your play there."

The Daisy rose and handed to his companion the bundle of notes.



Dumb Crambo is a pastime prime
For little folk at Christmas-time.
Its ins and outs I need not tell,
For all young people know it well;
The rhyme-word chosen now is *pat*,
And many words chime well with that.

D U M B C R A M B O.

Drawn by Lucien Davis.

The Outs act well, and yet are hissed
For being wrong, with scorn dismissed;
It isn't bat, gnat, hat, or rat—
Then mewing comes a made-up cat,
As here you see; and laughter bright
And clapping hands proclaim them right.



"Hello! You come down here?"

PAUL JONES'S ALIAS.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

"There you are," he said. "You're enlisted. That's the Queen's shilling. Ring that thundering bell. I'm dying for a drink."

Now, Captain Harley Medhurst, though he had something of the air of a roué, and looked rather hard-bitten and world-worn, was one of those people who have an evident right to the conventional title of gentleman. There was no doubt that he was a man of good family, or that he had been gently bred and accustomed to mix with good society. No observer of men would have been very much surprised to know that society of late years had fought shy of him. There is something which no art of description can clearly define which marks the *déclassé* with a badge so patent that a very simple wayfarer may read it. Captain Medhurst wore that badge, and showed his consciousness of it in his own chill and shifty eye. He had been a gentleman in something more than the conventional sense once upon a time, and was not quite a gentleman any longer.

The Daisy, who answered to the title of Major De Vere when he could induce people to address him by it, was a person of altogether another stamp. If a rare good heart, coupled with an intimate knowledge of all forms of scoundrelism and all grades of scoundrel life in England, could have made a man a gentleman, the Daisy might have taken rank with dukes and princes. He had lived on his wits for the last five-and-twenty years, and, for the most part, had lived well. Outside the sphere of the gaming-table or the betting-ring the Major's wits were not particularly brilliant; but on his own ground he was more than respectable—he was redoubtable. A better-hearted brigand never breathed. He lived by the most equivocal means conceivable, and his hand was constantly in his pocket for the relief of distress. He had a happy audacity, born of a profound belief that no living soul could doubt the distinction of his manner, speech, and aspect. He ticketed himself "snob" from head to feet, and conscientiously believed himself to impress all and sundry with the belief that he was a gentleman of the first water. He was utterly pitiless to people who had money, and regarded them as his natural prey. He and Medhurst had formed themselves into a gambling partnership at a time when both were very much under the water, and the Captain's social cachet not being quite obliterated at that moment, he had been able to introduce his confederate into places where he would otherwise have had little chance of obtaining a foothold. The partnership floated both of them, in a financial sense; but it ended in Medhurst's social shipwreck. He had played pigeon for a good many years, and the rooks had stripped him of a handsome fortune. Now, like hundreds of men who had gone before him, he had turned rook, and was ready to feather anything defenceless that might come in his way.

He had an almost pious horror for the public tables, and he thought that Monte Carlo was quite a sink of iniquity. He felt in respect to the great gambling institution there as a man who shot for the pot over a few bare acres of his own might feel if the birds upon his ground with one consent betook themselves to the preserves of some wealthy, princely neighbour. The existence of Monte Carlo was inimical to private, professional enterprise. He had been feathered there himself, the poor Medhurst!—he had been feathered everywhere—and he was grieved and indignant to find his partner so incurably smitten by the seductions of the place. A professional man, he urged, should only play where his experience, skill, and coolness gave him the advantage. No experience, skill, or coolness could help the best-trained gambler in the world against that unconscious wheel which could never get excited or tired, or run away from its own system of fortuitous eccentricity.

The Captain had already thrown a billet or two of wood on the decaying fire, and it now burned up again very brightly. The two sat on either side of it, sipping their wine and smoking.

"I've got a tenner on the Association Cup tie," said Major De Vere. "I suppose one can get an English paper here? The game should have been played off yesterday."

"You can get the *New York Herald*," said Medhurst. "Shall I ring and ask for it?"

The journal came in answer to Medhurst's demand, and the Major turned it over.

"I've pulled that off, anyway," he said; "though it doesn't matter much now. Hillo! You've got a millionaire staying here!"

"That's likely enough," Medhurst answered, uninterestingly; "who is he?"

"Mr. Paul Jones, of New York," the Major answered. "I remember reading about him last year. His father died. He was something in petroleum or a corn-ring—I don't know what all. He's worth about ten millions, English money."

"He'd be better worth going at than your Monte Carlo."

"D'ye think so? Those Yankees are deuced sharp, my boy. I've been had by one or two of them; but I never landed one myself yet." All Americans were Yankees to Major De Vere. "Monte Carlo's got as much as he has, and Monte Carlo won't shy; and even if you were to ruin Monte Carlo, you could hold your head up with the best. If the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope of Rome went and smashed up Monte all the good Christians would approve of him; but if you and me went and cleaned out a private millionaire, we should get hooted at. Not that I should mind that much," the Major added philosophically, "so long as I collared the pieces."

"Father died a year ago, did he?" said Medhurst. "He's likely to be pretty young, then?"

"That depends," returned the Major. "My old governor's alive somewhere. At least, I've never heard to the contrary, and I'm no chicken. Anybody who counted on picking me

up the table with these colours and his auburn mane and coppery beard, and his frank, jolly blue eyes. The Daisy was as loud and as *sans génie* as he; and when Medhurst, seeing that they wished to talk together, changed seats with his companion, the two got on as if they had been made for one another."

Right opposite to Major De Vere sat a refined-looking, shrinking man of seven or eight-and-twenty, who looked in a curious way at once shy and distinguished. Whilst the Daisy and his new-found companion were talking rather noisily to each other, Medhurst caught this gentleman's eye, and observed a look and an almost imperceptible gesture of distaste. A moment later a neighbour offered to this gentleman some little table courtesy, to which he responded by a "Thank you."

"He's an American, too," thought Medhurst to himself; "and doesn't like the way in which his young countryman is proclaiming himself."

He himself did not altogether like the Daisy either, and knew how over-pronounced all his airs seemed to well-bred people, but he was used to him by this time; and as to the average British cad who makes himself objectionable on the Continent, Captain Medhurst would have thought so little in his better days of allying himself in other peoples' fancy with that loud and vulgar personage that the quiet American's silently expressed displeasure was droll to him.

The American gentleman had not the faintest intention in the world of betraying to any stranger's eye his disapproval of the loud pair opposite; but Medhurst, watching him, saw it peep out in a score of signs which were only just visible to a close observation. He ate his dinner silently, or, if addressed, contented himself with a reply which was purely formal.

About midway through the dinner a waiter stole up to Major De Vere and handed him a telegram on a salver.

"Not for me," said the Major, in his brassy voice. "Mossy Paul Jones; not me."

"Ah!" said the young American, "that's mine."

The Major handed it to him, and kicked Medhurst under the table. The quiet gentleman on the other side looked up with a quick and startled glance as the name was pronounced, and did not remove his regard from the owner of it until the latter had opened and read his telegram and bestowed it in a waistcoat-pocket.

So this, thought Medhurst, was Paul Jones, was it? He was evidently a greenhorn—amiable, friendly, unguarded, as likely to afford good and profitable sport as anybody he had ever beheld in his life. Ten millions sterling in that young man's possession! It was an inspiring thought that perhaps a thousand per million might be drawn from him. It would do *him* no harm, and he would have to learn his life-lesson somewhere, unless the whole ten millions were to fall ruinously through his fingers. Medhurst noticed with satisfaction how perfectly the handsome young giant and the Major were getting on together, and how well they suited each other. With the Daisy as his jovial companion and Medhurst as his social and moral mentor, a good deal might be done with him. If it had been that other fellow, now—that quiet and shyly dignified young man on the opposite side of the table—the Major would have had but the poorest chance in the world. It was lucky that the American millionaire should have turned out to be a man of this noisy bonhomie, this evidently unsuspecting and unworldly good-nature, and it was a splendid chance which had dropped them at his side at dinner.

"You're going down South, you say, Sir?" said the Major.

"Yes," said Paul; "I'm going down to Juan-les-Pins. I'm going to paint there. I've never seen the place; but I'm told it's full of very elegant stuff, and I reckon on getting half-a-dozen pictures out of it."

"You paint, Sir?" said the Major.

"I've got to," said the American. Again Major De Vere kicked Captain Medhurst's foot beneath the table.

"You are an artist, Sir?" said Medhurst, leaning a little across the efflorescent figure of the Daisy to address him. The handsome young Rufus blushed.

"I don't know that I can quite say that," he answered; "but if I aint in a year or two it sha'n't be for want of trying."

Medhurst trod upon the Daisy's toes this time, and continued with a smile of interest,

"An amateur?"

"No, no," said Paul Jones seriously, shaking his auburn mane; "solid business, Sir."

Medhurst retired and left him to the Major's care. After dinner Rufus and the Daisy smoked a cigar together in the billiard-room. Medhurst found opportunity for a moment's interview with his collaborateur.

"That young fellow," he said, "is playing at an incognito. He doesn't fancy that he's known to be rich. Don't let him



But he selected one note from the bulky roll with perfect quiet.

up because he heard that my governor fell off the hooks last year would have his work cut out."

The Major went back to his paper, and Medhurst sipped and smoked. Once he murmured inwardly, to himself, and the Major catching the words—"ten millions, English money"—looked up and smiled. The snow whirled against the window, and the wind howled in the chimney. The streets on such a day were only for those who had imperative business, and the Major, with a view to killing time, proposed a hand at cards. Medhurst assented, and they played until the dressing-bell sounded, and in due time they went down to dinner. The hotel was full, and the long tables of the table-d'hôte were crowded. Medhurst found himself side by side with his Colossus of the early afternoon, who edged away his chair to make room for him with a smile of friendly recognition.

"Rough weather outside, Sir," he said cheerfully. "I've got but very little time in Paris; I'm off down South tomorrow, and I've been tearing around with an interpreter to get a few things ready—purchases of one sort and another."

He was a cheery, amiable, open-hearted young fellow, not in the least afraid of the sound of that big voice of his, but agreeably and wholesomely natural, and without a trace of affectation. Medhurst made some politely indifferent reply, and the Daisy spoke across him. The young New Englander, who wore a scarlet necktie and a coat of bronze-coloured velvet, quite lit

suspect you know it. He's going down to-morrow. We'll go with him. Stick to him to-night, and be as chummy with him as you can. We may as well stop in the house to-night. You've got a portmanteau here?"—the Major nodded—"All right. I'll engage a room for you as I go out. But not a word about the dollars."

"Leave me alone for that," said the Major; and Captain Medhurst drove off to the little theatre in the Palais Royal, and left the intended victim in his companion's hands with perfect confidence. His vis-à-vis of the evening was his neighbour in the stalls. They both laughed with great heartiness at the harmless drolleries of "La Cagnotte," and exchanged a word or two. When the performance was over the quiet American wrapped himself up with great care, and even drew on a pair of goloshes before venturing into the street. Medhurst remarked these precautions against the weather, and helped the stranger, who was struggling rather feebly with a heavy overcoat.

"If you are going back to the hotel, Sir," the grave young stranger said, "I may perhaps offer you a seat?"

The Captain was always willing to economise, and consented. The stranger had a well-appointed hired carriage at the door, which, to Captain Medhurst's taste, was a little overheated, even for so cold a night.

"I hope," said the young stranger, "that you will not find the warmth oppressive. My doctors warn me that there is something here"—he tapped his chest lightly with his fingers.

"You should go South," Medhurst answered.

"I am going to-morrow," said the stranger. "I am advised to try Mentone."

Medhurst, finding on inquiry that his companion was a stranger to the Riviera, gave him certain sage counsels as to the dangers of its seductive climate, and the two parted on excellent terms with each other. The solemn young consumptive was not useful in Captain Medhurst's way of business; but he was a gentleman, and the society of a gentleman made a pleasant change. Medhurst carried with him enough of that lost soil from which he fell to be able still to rear a flower or two. If he could have afforded to be a man of spotless honour, he would have been glad of any chance to go back to his old ways and to his old society; but he had no patrimony left to him but his wits, and must needs live upon them.

Paul Jones had gone to bed when Medhurst re-entered the hotel, but the Major was in great form. He had fallen into the society of two or three gentlemen of his own kidney, and was calling liberally for champagne, under the impression that the waiters were deeply sensible of his wealth, his social status, and his general tone. When he was in funds, it was the Daisy's simple dream that everybody imagined him to be some high and mighty person, the geniality of whose temper forbade him to abash the world with his title. He lived happy in the serene conviction that nobody could look at him or listen to him without knowing him to be a gentleman; and in his confidential and expansive moments, he would brag of this gift of Nature to his confederate until Medhurst actually groaned under him. That liberality with champagne among strangers was a splendid trait, to the generous brigand's own way of thinking. When he paid in the presence of other people, he took out all the money he had, and threw it about with a lordly indifference. These characteristics were of a piece with his brassy, good-humoured voice, his raking hat, his happy and audacious swagger, the size and brilliancy of his breast-pin, and the multitude of his glittering rings.

Medhurst got him away from his companions without difficulty, for the Major was usually placable to his companion's touch.

"Where's the millionaire?"

"He's gone to bed," said the Major. "He's a gay youngster enough, but he won't take his liquor. Says he never drinks, except at meals, and very little then. That's one of those confounded Yankee institutions. 'Good wine is a good familiar creature'—that's all the Scripture I know, my boy; but it's a damn good text, though I never heard a parson preach from it."

"You'd better turn in," said Medhurst. "You'll be having a headache to-morrow."

"Headache?" said the Daisy, smiling uncertainly, but with complete friendliness, at his own reflection in the mirror, which he took for a third person. "Pommery Greno doesn't give you a headache—not when it's the right sort. It is here, my boy. Twenty-three francs the bottle."

Medhurst succeeded in getting him into bed, and then went to his own apartment. He was always scrupulously sober; but he had been compelled to drink a little with the Major for form's sake before he could withdraw him from his boon companions. He set candles on either side his mirror, and producing a pack of cards, sat down there to deal and cut and shuffle before the looking-glass, with his eyes intently fixed on the reflection of his own fingers. He satisfied himself that he was in perfect form, and so undressed and went to bed. It was an odd thing, perhaps, that he should have searched in the breast-pocket of his coat before he lay down, and should have taken from it the photograph of an innocent-looking child of eight or nine; that he should have carried this to bed with him, and have looked at the little short-frocked, innocent figure so tenderly and so long; and that he should have kissed the picture and placed it under his pillow before he blew out his candle for the night. But, then, human nature is full of oddities, and Captain Medhurst is not the only man whose profession and practices are contradictory.

The weather was wild next morning, and a heavy snow was driven so violently about the streets that few but those who were compelled to do it ventured abroad at all that day in Paris. But notwithstanding the severity of the weather, Paul Jones was out and about all morning and afternoon, returning to the hotel at intervals, stamping the snow from his shoes and laughing in the entrance-hall, and dashing up-stairs to his apartment and down again with prodigious strides. He was back to luncheon with a face which glowed so from the wind and cold that he looked as jolly as a rising sun. The Daisy was to the full as florid; but his was a glow less invigorating and wholesome to look at. He was a little puffy about the eyes, and his temper, as he himself admitted, broke off short

like a carrot. The pale, phthisical young American was there also, and Medhurst changed his place to sit beside him—partly with a view to leave a clear field for the Major's operations, and partly because he preferred the quieter companionship. The Major was not much in the mood to operate at first; but as the meal progressed and the champagne bottle at his elbow grew rapidly towards emptiness, he announced that he and his friend, Captain Harley Medhurst, were going down to Monte Carlo by the *rapide* of that evening. Paul Jones was unaffectedly pleased at this intelligence, and showed it. The Major's bluff, noisy ways, his swagger and laughter, suited Paul excellently. He thought the Major eminently British, as, indeed, in some respects, he was.

"I've been making inquiries," said Paul, "and I find it's most agreeable to get to the station early and dine there. That's what I'm going to do. You wouldn't think it, by the look of things at present," he added: "but I'm going out now to buy a sun umbrella."

With that he rose from the table and shook hands with the Major. It was one of his habits to shake hands with a man whenever he met with him or parted from him, if it was half-a-score times a day, and he always went through that friendly operation with great heartiness and solemnity.

That evening the whole *personnel* of the hotel hung about the entrance hall and the corridors through which everybody had to pass in quitting the house. Everybody knew about the fifty millions of dollars, and cold hearts warmed in the gleam of that splendid fortune. Paul, who was unaware of the newspaper paragraph which had heralded the arrival of the man with the dollars, was surprised to notice how considerable a stir his departure made. He put it down to French politeness, of which he had heard a good deal; but he was not accustomed to this sort of leave-taking at home, and was embarrassed by the general *emprissement*. He, Medhurst, and the Major dined together at the railway station, and afterwards found a disengaged compartment in one of the carriages of the *rapide*. At this time of day the Major was naturally in his gayest form; the young Paul, with his new-found friends, had taken a glass or two more wine than usual, and was gay at heart with the pleasant excitement of the journey; and Medhurst opened a quieter convivial vein than the Major's, but made himself a bright and amusing companion.

"Just for the fun of the thing," the Major produced a

properly. If there wasn't such a thing as colour in the world I'd just die, and make no bones about it."

This enthusiasm appeared just a little strained to Captain Medhurst, who had never had many enthusiasms of his own, and had parted with most of them a long time ago. He smiled, however, and said that no doubt that sort of warmth of feeling gave life a certain fullness.

"I'm afraid," he said, following the smile with a sigh which was probably more real, "that the lives of most of us are a little barren."

"I'm inclined to think," said the young fellow, with loud, cheerful optimism, "that it's about our own fault if they are. I can understand a poor devil who hasn't got one cent to clink against another, or a forlorn wretch who's got no lungs or who's in want of a liver or a circulation, being down in the mouth and thinking that the world is a pretty dark place. Or I can understand a man who's had such hard lines as to lose the folks he cares for, sitting down and making up his mind he won't care for anything any more. But I can't understand a live man asking to be buried anywhere. What a man's got to do in this world is to take hold of something, and never be contented till he's got it up by the roots. He'll never get it up, Sir, not if it's worth getting; but he'll find a pretty considerable pleasure in tugging at it, and he'll have his heart full, and his mind full, and his hands full, and that's a mighty comfortable thing, according to my way of looking at it, Sir."

Paul, in spite of his Parisian purchases, had but little luggage with him. He carried a rather old-fashioned silver watch at the end of a broad silk ribbon; he wore no jewellery, and his raiment, though it was a little bright and loud, was precisely such as any working artist might have worn. His plain ways and water-drinking habits, taken in conjunction with these things, fully reconciled Medhurst to the idea of fleecing the young man ever so little, and making his own hard nest softer with the proceeds. If a millionaire had no expensive tastes, of what use were his millions to him, and why should not a part of his superabundance flow over upon others less blessed by fortune, but more blessed by Nature with the power of using money?

As the winter sun rose into the pure sky, Paul Jones ceased to talk and devoted himself altogether to a rapt contemplation of the landscape. They had long since left the falling snow behind; but after it, for miles, the country had

been powdered like the figures on a Twelfth Night cake. Then came the glorious fresh green, ringed with wild sterile hills, and at last the sea, soaked full of light and colour, like some prodigious gem. The great Rufus sat eager and thoughtful, staring out of window as picture after picture rolled past him, and his right hand was pretty often busy with the imaginary brush. If either of his companions spoke to him he answered, but in an absorbed way, as if his thoughts were elsewhere, as indeed they were. At Cannes he gathered his traps together.

"As sure as life," he said, "I'll catch something before this sun goes down. I shall have an hour or two of it, anyhow."

He knew beforehand the name of the hotel he was going to, and gave his new-found friends his address at the Château de la Pinède, Juan-les-Pins. Medhurst and the Major gave him their cards in turn.

"You'll find us at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo," said the Major. "The season's in full swing there, and of course you'll come out of your shell at times and take a walk over? Come and dine." Paul Jones was on the railway platform, and the Captain was handing out a strapped, battered old easel which had anything but an amateur air about it.

"Come now," said the Major. "Say to-morrow. There's a train reaches us a little after half-past seven. Say dinner for a quarter to eight." Paul hesitated. "Come, man," said the Major, "you can't work after daylight, I suppose. Hello! we're off. That's a bargain? To-morrow. Quarter to eight sharp. Good-bye."

The train steamed slowly out of the station, and Paul and the Major waved hats at each other until the latter withdrew his head into the carriage, when he looked slyly across at Medhurst.

"You left me most of that, old man," he said, with a jaunty air of self-satisfaction, as if he were pleased to have negotiated the preliminaries so ably.

"You didn't want my help there," said Medhurst. "Don't drink to-morrow, Daisy."

"Now, did you ever know me to, when there's been business on hand?"

"Sometimes," Medhurst answered. "Don't do it to-morrow. We've got a big thing on."

"That's all as it may turn out," the Major replied, "so far as the young 'un goes. But he may turn tail and bolt at any minute. What I like about Monte Carlo is they'll fight you there until your head drops off. There's no backing out there. Skin 'em over night, and they'll be up to time, fresh and smiling, in the morning. They'll fight as long as they can raise a dollar."

"As long as you can," Medhurst answered scornfully. "He's a fool who plays unless he can make sure of winning, or unless it doesn't matter to him whether he wins or loses."

But the Major was not to be shaken, and went on in a superb confidence in the system—a confidence no whit less fixed and sure because he had known a score of men who had gone out with infallible systems before him and had seen them one by one come home broken. But all the other infallible systems had the one essential drawback, that they were not of the Major's own creation; whilst this particular system had the supreme advantage of having been discovered and perfected by himself.

During the quarter of an hour's wait at Nice they stretched their cramped limbs a little by walking up and down the platform, and there they passed and repassed their quiet vis-à-vis of the hotel at Paris. Medhurst exchanged a word or two with him, and discovered for the first time that he was accompanied by a man-servant. The man came to ask some questions about the luggage, and, being answered, touched his hat and retired. The Major, nothing doubting the fascinating powers of his own manners and converse, came swaggering up at this moment, and the quiet man at once withdrew to his carriage, and took his seat there behind a sulphur-coloured novel.

Medhurst and the Major alighted at Monte Carlo, and the



"Not for me," said the Major, in his brassy voice. "Moso Paul Jones; not me."



The Major turned in his chair, and, seizing the cashbox violently with both hands, dragged it out of Medhurst's grasp.

PAUL JONES'S ALIAS.

Drawn by A. Forestier.



Yes, Mister Turkey-cock, I own
You make a gallant show,
As in full fig you strut about
Majestically slow.

But would it, in your puffed-out state,
Give you too great a shock
To know e'en swine look down on you,
Vain Mister Turkey-cock?

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Drawn by W. Weekes.

Yet so it is; for by their eyes,
And guttural parts of speech,
I know they scold you for your pride,
And humbler thoughts would teach.

"You silly bird (they seem to say),
Pray don't make such a clatter,
You're kept so well that you may look
Well on a Christmas platter."

grave young American went on to Mentone. A grave and elderly American, with a benevolent, mild face and a shrewd eye, met him there upon the platform, with both hands extended. "My dear Paul," he said, "I'm glad to see you. Wrap yourself up warmly, my dear boy, for these chill airs are very dangerous after the day's heat. You ought not to be abroad at this hour, but it can't be helped this time. The carriage is waiting outside, and will have you home in ten minutes. Grimes will see to your luggage."

The elderly man hovered round the younger like a hen with one chicken until he had seen him through the little station and into a well-appointed close carriage that waited at the door.

"Now, what is the meaning?" he asked, "of this singular disguise? I don't think that curiosity is one of my foibles, but ever since I got your letter I have been wondering. I have done little else than wonder. Is the vendetta acclimated in New York? Are you flying from vengeance, Paul?"

"The fact is," the young man answered, "that two or three weeks in London sickened me. Mr. Jones with his ten millions sterling—Mr. Jones with his fifty millions of dollars—was, to my mind, so vulgar an attraction that I resolved to drop him, and to go about alone; and a Jones in France with millions of francs, a quarter of a million in number, seems likely to be such a colossal bore that I resolved to drop him. So I took my mother's maiden name and sank the dollars altogether. Paul Morton is as good a name as Paul Jones, and Paul Morton will not be stared at and pointed out, and sponged upon and run after by the whole great armies of the needy and the greedy, as Paul Jones would be. To tell you the truth, Doctor, I am a little tired and peevish; and out of sorts with the world. I want to be let alone, and an alias was my only chance."

"I understand," the old man answered, with an air of humorous burlesque, "and will keep your dread secret inviolate. It shall be enshrouded in the clouds of night."

"An odd thing happened in Paris," said the traveller. "The New York *Herald* there, to my great disgust, announced my arrival at the very hotel I had put up at. I wondered how they had found me out; but I discovered that there was a Paul Jones there—though, why two people of the same generation should have thought fit to ticket an innocent child with that piratical name I do not know. But there he was, and they took him for me, or, at least, they took him for the owner of the dollars, and sent up incense to the pile until the young man must have felt choked with it. There was an Englishman of the beef-fed breed, a man with the manners of a friendly bison and the voice of a trombone, who bullied him with amities, and stormed an invitation to dinner at him as we left the station at Cannes. The other Paul Jones got a telegram at table, and the big Englishman roared his name out so that everybody heard it, and all the world stared at him as if resolved to put him out of countenance."

"It's a little unfair, Paul," said the elderly man, "to leave a man who can't afford it to bear a reputation of that kind."

"I suppose it is," the other answered; "I never thought of that. I only had time to anathematise the *New York Herald* before I became thankful that there was a real man to take my place, for the satisfaction of those easily curious people who are interested in other people's money; and the unknown Paul Jones is not a shy man. I fancy that no amount of pointing and staring will hurt him much."

In a very little while the carriage pulled up before a villa, which by this time it was too dark to see with any approach to clearness. As the millionaire alighted he could hear the vague murmur of the Mediterranean surge, and he stood for a mere instant, mulling his mouth with a scarf as a precaution against the keen evening air, to look about him. He could dimly make out a great shield of quiet sea over the tree-tops and house-roofs of the hill-side which sloped away at his feet, and here and there a light twinkling in street or window. But the door of the villa opening, and revealing a hall full of light and flowers and half-tropical plants, the Doctor took him by the elbow, and led him indoors. There he shook hands anew, and bade the arrival once more welcome.

"You will see very little of me," he said, "for the next three or four days. The great work is already advertised, and the date fixed for its publication. I am at work on the final batch of proofs, and I have quite a collection of words that I want to save for the appendix."

"The dictionary?" said the new arrival, smiling. "It is actually on its way to print?"

"It is actually in print, Sir," cried the other. "The dialects of the Riviera are classified for the first time. The philological bridge between France and Italy is complete to its last arch. Nothing remains but to pass the roller over its macadam; and that, Paul, will be my business for perhaps a week. In the meantime, you will have to amuse yourself for the most part, and I give you *carte blanche* for the daytime, but I will never have you out a minute after sunset. In the evenings I shall always be at your service, partly because I am by nature compassionate and social, and partly because these old eyes of mine will not stand close work by lamplight."

The millionaire, Paul Jones, had found a pleasanter home than money could have bought for him, and as good a physician as any fees, however extravagant, could have paid for. In the daytime he drove or rambled or made brief railway excursions, and in the evenings he sat at home, playing chess or holding pleasant converse with Doctor Morris. He visited Monte Carlo, and there saw our friend the Major, playing a tremendous game with amazing fortune, and Captain Medhurst sitting by him, calm and quiet, risking no money of his own, but pencilling a card for his companion. The millionaire watched the game, unseen by either of his chance acquaintances, for half an hour. When the Major's luck turned and he began to lose a little heavily, he rose from the table at which he had been sitting and carried his system to another. The crowd which had stood by to watch his play followed him, and the Daisy talked loud and swaggered here as he had talked loud and swaggered in Paris, and was obviously delighted to afford such a sensation to the *habitues* of the place. Neither he nor Medhurst observed the valetum lirianum, who was glad enough to slip away in his own retiring manner without a recognition.

That afternoon in the railway carriage, as he rode home-wards, some English people spoke enthusiastically about the beauties of Juan-les-Pins, and next morning, being in some doubt as to how to pass the day, he decided to go there. It was a very pearl of days when he started. The sea lay in such malachites, violets, blues, and greys as he had never until then beheld. The January sun shone hot and bright, and a cool playful breeze tempered the heat with no severity. He was alone, as he chiefly cared to be, and alighting at the roadside station, the sole passenger left by the train, he questioned the amiable functionary who unites in his own person the offices of station-master, ticket-clerk, ticket-collector, and signalman, and was by him directed to the hotel. Everybody who knows

Juan-les-Pins remembers the glorious clumps of trees from which the place takes its name. The millionaire diverged from the path and turned into the shadow of a lordly, natural cathedral of tree-stems to the right. His steps went completely silent on the brown carpet of shed fir-needles, the ungathered harvest of many scores of years. The sunlight fell in patches through the rifts of foliage overhead, lying golden on the closely-matted carpet of the fir-needles, and shining in vivid reds and siennas and rich browns on the great trunks of the trees. The calm sea lay beyond, with as many colours in it as there are in an opal—the tones to the full as delicate and pure.

The solitude and the beauty of the place drew him on, and he fell into a reverie. Walking with his eyes bent towards the ground, he started suddenly to find himself in the act of marching into an empty camp-stool; and, looking up, he saw, only two or three yards before him, a painter's umbrella and an easel with a picture mounted upon it. The paint was still wet in places, and from where he stood he could make out nothing of the work but a glare of variously-coloured light. He moved a step or two to the left, and secured a perfect view of it. The artist had evidently left his work for a while, and not a human creature was in sight. There was a dim sound of voices somewhere, two or three hundred yards away; but that and the artistic belongings before him were the only evidences of humanity he could discover. The work upon the easel, though yet unfinished, charmed him so much that he stood to look at it until he became altogether forgetful of his whereabouts. It was painted with a wonderful *brio*, as the art-slang goes—a sort of happy impetuosity and careless surety;

rufous-haired and noisy young giant whom he had condemned and disliked from the first word he had heard him utter, he found an actual artist—a man capable of understanding the sweet and complex speech of Nature and of translating it for the charming of his fellow-men. He hardly knew enough how to be ashamed of himself.

The artistic Paul, knowing nothing of these self-upbraids, and perfectly at home and at ease with himself and with the world, seated himself upon his camp-stool, and drawing from one pocket a cake of tobacco of a deep golden colour and from another a murderous-looking clasp-knife, shredded enough of the weed to fill a pipe, whistling melodiously meanwhile, with his head on one side, and cocking a loving yet critical eye at his canvas.

"Smoke?" he said. "No? That's a pity. Strikes me that Columbia's one title to pride is that she gave this to the world. When I got to Paris I never was more surprised in my life. I found there was a duty on tobacco in France, and I'd brought twelve pounds over with me and never declared it. There's no tobacco like this in Europe, and I should have had to pay a little fortune on it. A little ignorance is a blessed thing. Saved me, most likely, fifty or sixty dollars."

The millionaire saw a chance for something like an epigram about the sweetness of profiting by a sin innocently committed. He tried to say it, but in his shyness he boggled over it and left it unfinished, feeling newly awkward and ill at ease. The artist caught the idea, however, and being in himself curiously happy, laughed, and said, "Good!" and then, having filled and lit his pipe, stooped for his palette and the sheaf of brushes and went comfortably to work. As he

worked, he boasted a great deal, less to his companion than to himself, half in cheerful certainty of success, and half in encouragement of his own imagination.

"Just you see me tickle that rock in! Aint it lovely? That," mixing the colours on his palette with tender care, "that's the tone to the millionth part of a hair's breadth, and the man that says it aint, I scoff at. Don't that little bit of weed come pretty? Look at the light on it. Nature's the prettiest lady yet, and so I tell you. There's nothing to beat her. Just catch her when she's smiling, and she's real nice. I call this country elegant. It aint like home. It's softer and more civilised. We haven't had time to polish up this. It's no wonder people get polite and amiable in their manners living here. They've got to be, and that's all about it. If you took the biggest hell-fire raker out of Texas, and kept him here a year, and made him look at this"—indicating the landscape with a swift wave of the brush, which did not keep him from his work a second—"two hours a day, you might shave him, put him in petticoats, and send him home to keep a lady's school at the finish, and he'd do justice to the situation."

After this, his work absorbed him, and he went quiet for a time, painting away with an assiduity and enjoyment which were delightful to look at. Then he began to sing to a tune of his own, and not a particularly good one either. His singing voice was as harsh and intractable as his whistle was mellow and tuneful. By-and-by, words got into the muffled ditty, and the millionaire overheard a version of Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray.

"You read Shelley?" he asked. He was doubly ashamed of himself after the question, for the tone sounded patronising and astonished in his own sensitive ears. Why could he not be like other men, easy and unembarrassed with his kind? or why, since that might not be, could he not at least find the sense to hide himself and hold his tongue? Perhaps, as a matter of fact, neither the surprise nor the patronage was there, except to his own fancy. At any rate, the young artist felt neither of them, but answered without a touch of the embarrassment his companion experienced.

"Yes, Sir. There's nobody got more of it inside him than that young man, I reckon, not since Shakspeare's time, anyhow. I don't paint the figger, but it I did there's one thing of Shelley's I'd have on canvas before a year was over, and I'd just get remembered along with Michael and Peter Paul, and the whole of that crowd."

"What is the passage?" the little millionaire asked. The artist turned solemnly on his camp-stool, and declaimed the immortal lines vilely, waving his right hand up and down to mark the metre he murdered in delivery—

"Trampling the slant winds on high,
With golden-sandalled feet that glow
Under plumes of purple dye
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
A shape comes now!"

The accent of Marblehead nosed and droned through the words, but the artist was solemnly and beautifully in earnest. His handsome face beamed, and his blue eyes looked at the splendid vision as if they actually saw it speeding downward over the translucent sea beyond the tree-stems.

The listener wondered how he had come to form so disparaging a judgment of this pleasing young man. He had a self-conscious habit of reading lessons to himself continually, and he made a memorandum now to the effect that he was in future to judge men less by mere manner than he had done. He knew all the while that if they were in any public place together he would feel uncomfortable, that he would be vicariously guilty of the crimson tie and the overgrown auburn mane, the roaring voice and the Marblehead accent.

For the time being very little more was said between them. The artist worked away with love and vigour, and the millionaire looked on for an hour or more, until finally the worker put down his tools upon the grass, and, after taking a rejoicing stretch with his feet wide apart and his hands in the air, he began to study his picture from various distances, sometimes with a shade of disparagement in his face, but, on the whole, with a pretty obvious contentment.

"I guess she'll do," he said at last. "I shall find out by-and-by something I don't like, of course; but, for the time being, she'll do. And now, Sir," he continued, beginning to pack up his effects, "I'm going to stoke the engine."

"You stay at the hotel here?" asked the millionaire.

"At the Château, as they call it? Yes."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to show me the way. I have already been directed, but I am afraid I have lost my bearings. Can I help you in carrying any of your things?"

"Lord, no!" said the other; "we're only three or four hundred yards away. The weight's nothing."

They set out together, side by side, and the young painter talked as he strode along. He had chosen, he said, a scene for his afternoon's work which whizzed the other hollow.

"There's some of the gaudiest kind of cloud structure around here you ever saw, Sir. I've only been here four or five days, and I've seen some effects that have just been real rippin' lovely. I've got a sort of rapid study of one of 'em, and if you care for that sort of thing I'll show it you. It's all as quiet as sleep—dove greys, silver greys; but it's as pretty as anything."

The millionaire said he would have the greatest pleasure in looking at the work if he might be allowed; and when the



And the child, rushing impetuously towards him, gave an actual leap into his arms.

and it looked like what it was—an impassioned, single-minded, and simple-hearted reproduction of Nature's self. To the observer's mind, the salt of the sea and the odour of the pines were in it, and it had one rare and excellent virtue—it held sunlight.

The millionaire Paul Jones stood so enrapt—for he was by nature and cultivation a lover of pictures, and had been a wide-awake dreamer all his days—that he did not hear the step of the artistic Paul until it was almost upon him. Then he turned, and found himself confronted by that jolly and burly presence. The younger Paul recognised him at once, and addressed him with boisterous frankness.

"Hello! You come down here? Lovely country, aint it? Don't let me drive you away!"—for the shy millionaire made a motion as if he would go. "It don't fret me a bit to have folks around while I'm working. Fact, I rather like it."

The millionaire had something of a sense of shame upon him. One of his commonest forms of sadness took its rise in the opinion that he was good at nothing. He had tried most of the arts in his day, and had surrendered each in turn with an abortive sense of want of power over it. He had painted and modelled and played and had written verses, and had never got beyond the amateur stage in the pursuit of any one of those delightful arts. He called himself one of those microscopic Michael Angelos who infest idle and moneyed societies, and, at times, believed that he had no spur at all towards any one of the pursuits he had adopted save such as were afforded by idleness and vanity. He thought poorly indeed of the dollars he owned as a claim to distinction, and he reverenced, with an almost boyish enthusiasm, those people who could do what he had failed in doing. A painter, a musician, a sculptor, a poet, was a man before whom he could have knelt if he had not been altogether too shy to make such a proclamation of enthusiasm. And now, in this

artist had conducted him to the hotel, and had led him upstairs into a bed-room, he said something about having begun to form a collection of pictures, and murmured of the desire to add to it.

"Oh, if we've got a patron here," said the painter, with humorously simulated bustle, "we must move around. You're one of the men that buy pictures, Sir? I have heard about the species, and I've heard some men talk as if they ran in shoals. You shall see the whole bag of tricks, Sir, if you like. There's the thing I spoke about. If you stand over here you'll miss the glaze on the surface. It's a bit rough, but it's just about where I meant it, and it's just got the old lady's smile, nice and tranquil and young motherly!"

Paul, the painter, had no shyness, but praised his own work where he thought it deserved it with as innocent an enthusiasm as he would have offered to the work of another. The moneyed man stood where he was placed, and looked at the sketch—a mere expanse of pearly sky and sea, the sky piled with soft clouds and the sea fretted by a cat's paw. It was absolutely simple, and very near to being absolutely true.

"That is very beautiful," the little man said shyly. "It seems quite abominable to as what do you want for it; but I should like to have that, if you are disposed to sell it."

The artist pulled his beard, and looked from the intending purchaser to his canvas and back again, uncertain.

"Well, that," he said, "I do no. What

The bidder felt inclined to offer a somewhat extravagant price for it; but he controlled himself. He had learned long ago that it was easy to do so much damage with his money. He was not absolutely certain of his own judgment, and if he were to offer a great deal more than the work was worth in the opinion of better judges than himself he might spoil the happiness of the artist's life for years. There could be few things bitterer, he thought, than to find an enthusiastic believer once, and never to discover him again. In his anxiety not to spoil the painter in that way, and not to offer a price which should seem an insult to the delicate beauty of the work, he felt his position to be almost painful.

"If you would fix a price," he said nervously.

"Well!" returned the artist, lingering on the word, "I don't rightly know what to say, and that's a fact. It's a trifle, and if I could afford it I'd be inclined to say to a man who took a fancy to it 'You can have it.' But I can't afford to say that, and you shall have it for what you think a decent, reasonable price."

"A hundred dollars?" said the millionaire.

"Sir," said the painter with enthusiasm, "it is yours. If you like to pamper art in my person I will supply you with two of them a week, at the same price, for a twelvemonth."

"You think that a fair price?" the other asked.

"Taint fair to ask me that," the artist answered, laughing; "I'm contented with it. If you are as contented as I am, we're a pair of happy people."

"I will give you a draft on the Crédit Lyonnais at Nice," said the other, and being provided with pen and ink, the bargain was then and there ratified by the delivery of the cheque. "If you wish to utilise that sketch for your finished picture, pray keep it for a little while. I am settled here for the whole winter, and if you will let me know when I can send for it my man can call."

"You're very good, Sir," said the painter, gravely. "You've got my name all right," glancing at the draft he held in his hand. "May I ask how you knew it?"

"I heard it called out pretty loudly at table one night."

"Oh, ah! yes—Major De Vere. I remember. You sat opposite, didn't you? Mr. Paul Morton," he continued, reading the signature on the document he held with a sort of fondness in his tone. Then he sighed, like a man well pleased, folded the paper, and placed it in his waistcoat pocket. At this moment a bell rang below. "There's feeding time; we'd best get down. If you'd like a wash beforehand there are the materials."

The millionaire accepted this invitation, and the young giant having rinsed himself afterwards, with a good deal of unnecessary splashing, they went down-stairs together, and took their seats at table. The painter's plate and table-napkin were set quite apart from those of the other guests.

"These folks fog me," he said. "I can't talk their lingo, and so I like to be by myself. It would be a bit dull in the evenings, too, if one could never get away. You spoke about Major De Vere just now. He's a fine sort, that. I had a kind of notion—I don't mind confessing it—when I set out from New York, that if it happened to be my luck to fall across any specimen of the real tip-top British aristocrat, I should have to rile up against him and feel very shirty, and American, and Republican, and all that. He's the first I've met, and he's quite a nice disappointment."

"Major De Vere," the millionaire said in a questioning tone, "is a man of good family?"

"Lord, yes! Came over with the Conqueror. All his blood relations are earls and dukes, and that sort of people. He's a flyer, Major De Vere is. There's only one thing I don't like about him. I wish he wouldn't play so nasty high; but he says he likes the excitement of it. I do that; but I should like winning better than losing, and I reckon that the British aristocrat can afford to lose better than a Yaukee canvas-spoiler. It's a good berth, British aristocrat; and I fancy there's a bit of envy in the feeling of some of our fellows. Maybe, when our Jay Gould and Vanderbilt fellows have been there for a thousand years, they'll feel just as safe and cocky as the others."

"You have played with Major De Vere?" asked the millionaire. The artist nodded only, but contrived to put a considerable meaning into the gesture. "You have"—

He was going to say "lost," but checked himself, thinking that the question would sound like an impertinence. The artist finished the sentence for him.

"Lost? Well, yes, I should say I had."

The confidence seemed a little sudden, but then the painter was so very harum-scarum in his ways, so very free and easy and boyish, that his new patron found nothing surprising in it. But he recalled the old doctor's suggestion, and began to think that it might not be kindly to leave a poor man to bear

the burden of a millionaire's reputation among people who gambled heavily, even though they might play with perfect fairness. Somehow, he was not inclined altogether to believe that Major De Vere would play with perfect fairness. He doubted the Major's claims to social distinction; he doubted strongly his being a gentleman in any sense, and was inclined to appraise him as a mere pretender. He put Medhurst into a different category, and, therefore, being at least as shrewd as he was shy, suspected the apparent partnership between the two a little more than ever. He began to see that it was his duty to guard the young fellow from the possible result of a possible error on the part of Messrs. De Vere and Medhurst. This consideration sent him out with the painter on his afternoon expedition, although he had almost determined to take the next train homeward.

"You tell me," he said, bent upon offering the purposed enlightenment as naturally as possible, "that you are not disturbed by an onlooker?"

"Not an atom," Paul protested. "I like it, so long as a man has the sense to hold his jaw at the right times."

"And you think I may have?" asked the millionaire.

"I think," said Paul, with the candour which distinguished him, "that you'd do it if I asked you to; and I think I should ask you pretty smart if you wanted it."

There was a good humour mingled with this brutal out-

The painter let out a great laugh at this, and stopped in his swinging walk to have his laugh out with the more convenience. When it was over, he went on again, with an expression suddenly grown thoughtful.

"Do you know," he said, swinging round upon his companion and bringing himself to a dead stand, "I'm half inclined to think that that has happened; I'm really more than half inclined to think that it has happened. Upon my soul and body, now! I am very much inclined to think that that has happened."

His voice grew introspective and thoughtful, and when he turned to go on again, he went slowly, and with occasional reflective pauses in his walk.

"Where does he hail from, this Paul Jones?" he asked, after an interval.

"New York."

"Why; so do I, for the last twelve months past. Is he supposed to be on his travels round here?"

"I saw his name in a newspaper in Paris, when we were both there, saying that he stayed in the same hotel with us."

"Great Jupiter!" said Paul, speaking more than half to himself. "I wonder if that accounts for everything. It's odd you have struck on that, now. But then, you knew about the names, and I didn't. What's he reckoned to be worth, this Paul Jones?"

"I should be puzzled to tell you," the millionaire answered lamely, with the shame-faced braggart sensation returning stronger than before. "I have heard him quoted often as a fifty-million man."

"Scott!" said the painter. "D'ye think it's true?"

"I—I believe so."

"Well; he ought to be crucified! No man's got the right to own a heap like that and never offer to split it with his namesakes. I thought I was the only 'Paul Jones' going—since the pirate's day—and I reckon there can't be many of us. A million a-piece couldn't hurt him much, among us. Anyway, if I fall across him I'll put in my claim first, before the other Joneses have time to get loafing round. First come, first served." He laughed there, and then went on again; more seriously: "I couldn't think it, of course, because I didn't know it; but I wonder if it's that what makes those British swells so complacent with me? The Major's a very gleeful bird; but Captain Medhurst is another sort, and he's been just as smooth as cream, all along. I don't blame 'em, mind you," he added, with hearty honesty. "If I found a fellow nice and smooth and agreeable to get along with, I shouldn't like him any the less for having fifty millions. I do no' why, for I shouldn't want any of his money; but I reckon it'd put a kind of halo round his hat, too. Do you know, Sir, I'm almost certain those two chaps take me for that millionaire. They cleaned me out three nights ago, pretty nearly; and for a while I was real put to it to know what to do. A fellow-citizen turned up, by good hap, this morning, and offered me three hundred dollars for the thing I was working on, and promised to send the possibles over to-morrow. But when I seemed a bit hit about being cleaned out—and I don't mind confessing that I was—the Major laughed, and took it like a joke."

The millionaire began to feel that his alias had cost the young man dear.

"Did you lose heavily?" he asked. "Excuse me—I hope you don't think I ask from any impudent curiosity."

"I lost pretty near three thousand francs," said the painter, simply; "and I did not like the look of things at all. But when I came back to my work this morning I had just struck a bargain, and it lifted a weight off my shoulders, I can tell you. I was real gay when I came back and found you looking at that picture."

"I think," said the millionaire, feeling bound to lecture the young man a little, "that there are few vices which give so poor a return for the pain they cost as gambling."

"That may be so," returned the artist: "but there are points about it, too. But if those chaps take me for that millionaire I shall take the dust out of their eyes. I aint hungry for the credit, and I'm hanged if I'm hungry for the danger. I can't afford to have fellows taking me for a fifty million dollar man; I wish I could."

"You are a great deal better off as you are," said the millionaire, rather seriously and sadly. "You have youth and enthusiasm, and an art in which you hope to excel."

"I shouldn't sink to Methusaleh's time of life on a sudden if anybody made me a present of a fortune, should I? And as for enthusiasm and art, I'll trouble all the capitalists in creation to buy me up from painting. I wouldn't stop painting to be President of the United States, and have the freehold of every acre, from Greenland down to Terra del Fuego. I suppose other fellows feel the same about other things; but if I couldn't paint I'd want to die."

Whilst these two were in the peaceful country, the enthusiastic Daisy was sweating over his system at Monte Carlo, watched and guarded by his more phlegmatic companion. There was no denying that up to date the Major's invention had acted wonderfully, and he was the lion of the place. Those dreary croupiers and wearily wary *chefs de parti* have seen so many lions in their time that the biggest and loudest of the species can hardly wake them to interest any more. But the gallery is always new, at least, in its sympathies, and the most war-hardened veteran of them all felt some remembrance of the thrill of his first battle at the sight of the Major's heroic plunges. Do all he could, Medhurst could not hold the effervescent Daisy back. The system, of course, depended upon a series of progressions, but the Major, intoxicated by success, doubled and then quadrupled his initial stakes, so that he left himself no reasonable chance of recouping for a loss before the maximum of the bank was reached. As fortune had it, the rashness paid, and the Major raked in money hand over hand. He feed'd a man to go beforehand, and supplied him with a little money to punt cautiously for small stakes until such time as he appeared. He had his sheaf of thousand-franc notes in his hand before he had entered the gaming-room, and when his subordinate resigned his place to him he set his money down in a pile with a noble ostentation, and won or lost with as splendid a carelessness to look at as if he had been a Cæsarius. When Medhurst could secure



But he saw quite clearly the sunlit gardens of Monte Carlo, with himself and the child, both irreproachably attired, strolling there hand in hand.

spokiness which seemed to indicate a certain surety of being understood in a friendly fashion, and disarmed it of all offensiveness.

"In that case," said the millionaire, who was growing more at home every minute, "I will come with you. I am a painter myself, in a clumsy, amateur kind of way."

"If you'd like to work," said Paul, "there are lots of tools here, and you can take a turn at it. If I saw another fellow painting anything half as ripping as the scene I'm at I should get real mad if I couldn't daub as well."

But this invitation was declined, the amateur having no heart to set his crudities side by side with the work of an accomplished artist. The two sipped their coffee together, and the painter smoked a leisurely pipe, and then they set out again.

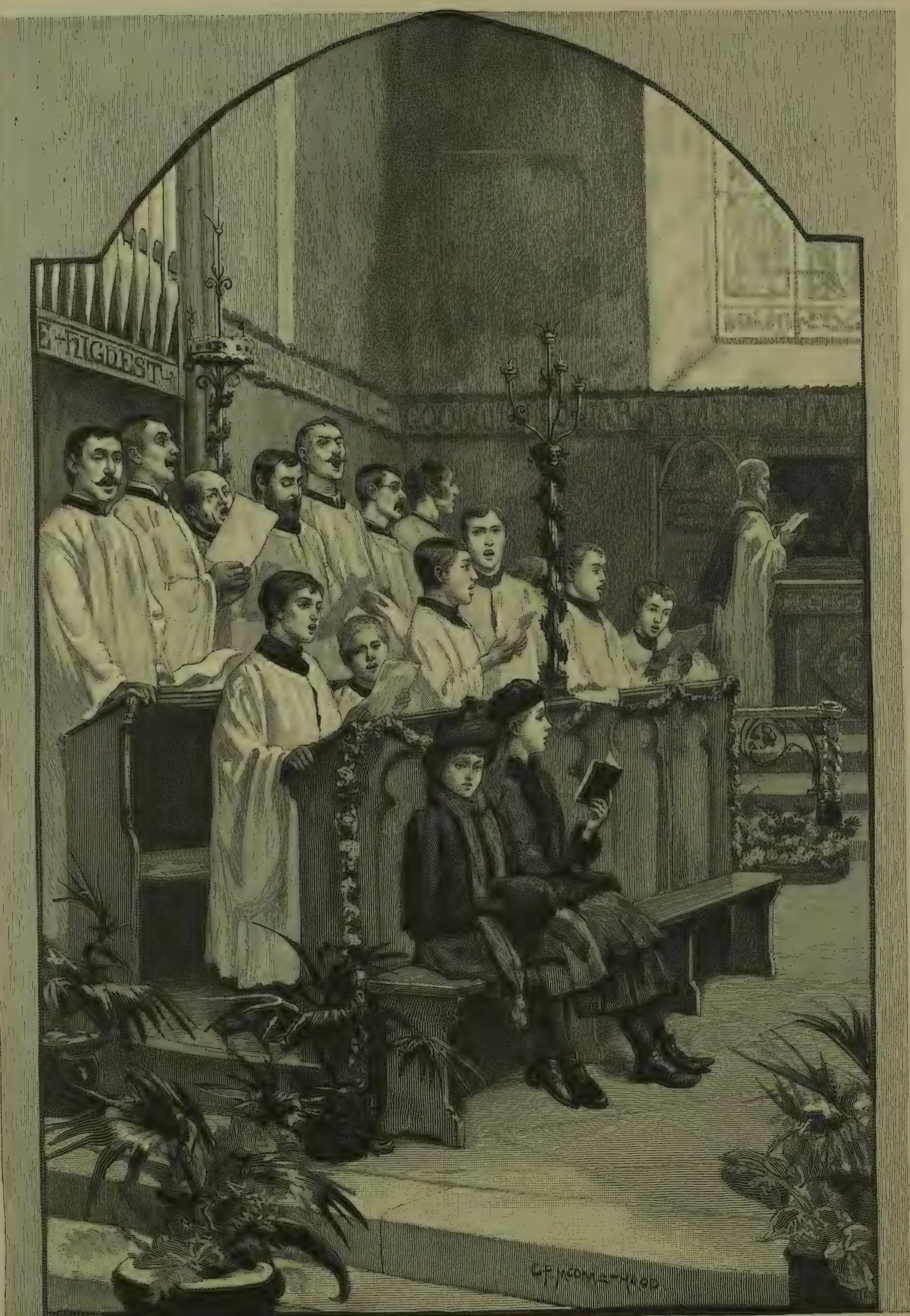
"You seemed a little astonished just now," said the millionaire, bent upon the fulfilment of the duty he had set before himself, "that I should remember your name. It happens to be the name of a rather intimate friend of mine."

"Oh?" said Paul, indifferently.

"He is said," the millionaire continued, with a ghastly, uncomfortable sense that he was boasting of his own despised dollars, or, at the very least, was bragging of his association with their owner, "he is said to be an immensely wealthy man. He is the last man in the world, I am sure, to think that the money makes him personally considerable."

He felt that he was floundering, and paused. His companion did not seem to be particularly interested in the wealth of the man who bore his name.

"It is quite possible," the millionaire went on, speaking more abruptly, in his nervousness, than he could have done if he had been entirely self-possessed, "that, bearing the same name, and being, like him, an American, you may sometimes be taken for him."



Hearts and voices in accord,
Let us sing Thy praises, Lord;
With our anthem full and clear
Blend our souls with faith sincere.
So that both like incense rise
Of sweet odour to the skies,
Calling many a blessing down,
Our frail erring selves to crown.

THE CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Drawn by G. P. Jacomb-Hood.

Let our lives blest anthems be,
Full, harmonious, Lord, to Thee;
Permeated through and through
With the grace of heavenly dew,
So that no false note be heard,
Nor one jangling string be stirred;
Keep our judgments clearly bright,
Fill our hearts with heavenly light!



As the gay dance was in full sway
Miss Grace was captured by the way,
Held for a while in solemn parley
By her glum second cousin Charley.
Of one thing only could he tell,
And that was how he loved her well:
Could she take pity on his woe?
She shook her head and sighed out "No."

FAVOURED AND FLOUTED.

Drawn by Everard Hopkins.

But in an instant cleared her glance,
A partner claimed her for the dance—
One who had gained her maiden vows
To be to him a loving spouse;
So, hearts in tune, as well as feet,
They mingled with the dancers fleet,
Careering blissfully around
To love's as well as music's sound.

a seat beside him he did so, and if that were impossible he stood behind his chair, marking the game, and occasionally stooping for a whispered consultation. The table was always lined three or four deep whenever the pair were settled to their work.

Those writers who have described the little world of public play—and their name is legion—have all insisted upon the extent and variety of emotion visible in the faces of the players, though, as a matter of fact, it would be difficult to find any collection of people who look more flat and ordinary. Here and there, no doubt, a face is memorable for its concentration, its fatigue, its avarice, its blazon of success or failure. But on the whole you can find nowhere a set of men and women more commonplace in expression than a set of gamblers; and it is only because men see so readily what they expect to see that the legend of facial emotion ever sprung into life, or, at all events, it is only because of that curious faculty that the legend lives today. The people who show the real breathless interest, the genuine devouring sympathy, are the lookers-on, whose fate is not influenced by the turning of the wheel to the extent of one centime. Ixion bound to the wheel grows accustomed in a minute or two, and begins to look as impassive as a whirling dervish, but the spectator of his gyrations holds his breath absorbed.

The Major drew in the murmurs of the gallery as if they had been incense. He played his five or six thousand francs at a *coup*, and, confident in the revenge his martingale would afford him by-and-by, saw it go under the croupier's rake with a smile of pure indifference. When he hit the bank, and the glittering rouleaux were pushed towards him and the crisp leaves of bank-paper doubled on the croupier's rake were dangled below his rubicund nose, his calm had something majestic in it. He used a handful of gold for a paper-weight to press his growing pile of bank-notes down, and felt a tranquil glory of financial strength as he did it. Money had really never meant very much to the Major. To be without it, as he knew by experience, was deucedly uncomfortable; but when he had it the coins were only a sort of counter, or token, not in the least valuable in themselves, but merely symbolical of the power, consideration, and splendour of the owner. This philosophic frame of mind made losing comparatively easy, whilst it took but little from the sweets of gain.

By-and-by the chances of war set in against the Major, and he responded with great gallantry to Fortune's challenge. *Coup* by *coup* he mounted to the maximum, and lost. He played the maximum again, and lost; again, and lost. Medhurst stooped with a murmur of warning, but the Major was not to be daunted or dismayed. He fluttered his diminished bank of notes, looked down at the two or three louis d'or which feebly represented the glorious pile of five minutes back, and went for the maximum again with an unmoved countenance. There was an actual sway and murmur in the watching crowd, and, as sometimes happens, the ball refused to drop. Second after second went by, the wheel spun slower and slower, and the marble deviated hither and thither so provokingly that even the Major grew nervous under the influence of suspense. The ball clicked at last, the croupier called, and he had won his *coup*. He took his payment and left his stakes, and won again; and from that moment forward the system had it all its own way, until there hung before its inventor's dazzled eyes the near prospect of breaking the bank. It was his hope, his dream. He would sooner have done it than have won the Derby. It would have served him to brag about for ever, and would have afforded him a lively consolation, even in poverty, for the rest of his days. But it was not to be; the chances veered again, and went floating to and fro so indeterminately that the indefatigable one grew tired, and rose, still serene and unshaken, the winner of some six or seven thousand pounds. A little German Jew, with very bright and beady eyes, and a face bathed in an oily perspiration from his interest in this heroic game, addressed him in terms of admiration.

"Ah, M'zieu, z'édat gollozal, fodre cheu!"

"What's the little beggar say?" inquired the Major, turning to his companion.

"He says your play was colossal," Medhurst answered.

The Daisy's swagger was always a thing to see, but it is probable that in all his life it never became so gloriously assured as after that simple tribute.

They had the best rooms the hotel afforded, and the Major was ready to spend his money like an Eastern prince. In their joint sitting-room the two got out all the winnings of the campaign and counted them. They amounted to nearly twenty thousand pounds, and Medhurst was almost passionate in advising the Major to content himself with that surprising sum and go away from the chance of losing it.

"Rot!" said the Major, "there's about as much chance of losing it as there is of the Grand Stand at Epsom walking over here. I tell you, it's the system, my boy. I don't say I mightn't have got hit earlier; but now, with a capital like this to back me, failure isn't on the cards. Here's the fifth day since we got down, and I had one day at 'em before. Here I am with an actual average of more than three thousand pounds a day, and you advise me to leave the course when I've just got into my stride and can do the distance without turning a hair! It's all rubbish, Medhurst. I'm not to be had in that way. I tell you I'm going to bust up the establishment, and nothing less will satisfy me. I shall be a millionaire, Medhurst."

He made this proclamation with perfect sincerity, and seemed for the moment so impressed by it that he dropped his customary swagger altogether, and became solemnly impressive.

"You won't lose by it, old chap," he went on. "Isn't there a song or a tune somewhere, 'Lilla's a lady'?" By gad, she shall be! I like you, Medhurst. You're a good fellow. You've stuck to me more than once when I've been down and you've been up. I've done the same by you when the tables have been turned, and we know one another, don't we?"

This kind of sentimentalism was not Captain Medhurst's forte at all.

"Well, that's true enough," he answered drily; "but what about it?"

"There's this about it," responded the Daisy; "you stick to me, keep me from getting too hot, just simply stand by and give me the tip if I show any sign of going wild, and when I've reached the hundred thousand there's a quarter of it tied hard and fast on little Lilla. She sha'n't be able to touch the principal till she's of age, and you shall have the management of it in her behalf till then. If anything should happen to her before that—and God forbid it should!—it'll come to you. Shake hands on that, old chap."

The Major was genuinely and deeply moved by his own generosity and the sense of the importance of the favour he

was conferring on his friend. He was even a little surprised to find Medhurst apparently so unmoved by this aerial offer. It was just as real to the Major as if the speculative hundred thousand had lain on the table there before him; but Medhurst's mind was of a less poetic and more practical cast, and so far, though he did full justice to the other's intent, he experienced no especial call to gratitude.

many men have tried the game before you? How many men have come here with their systems, with more than twenty thousand pounds to back them, and have gone back paupers? Who built those halls of dazzling light where you've been flourishing this last day or two? Who made the roads and laid out the gardens? Who pays those scores and scores of impassive devils who believe each other at the table? Who pays for the band that gives you a concert twice a day?"

"I don't," said the Major, stolidly.

"The fools who come here with their systems," said Medhurst, waxing parliamentary in tone and gesture. "The benighted asses who think that all human experience is going to contradict itself for their sakes! Every one of 'em comes with this proverb running in his head—'The many fail, the one succeeds.' They come poor, and go back poorer; they come full, and go back empty. One in a hundred thousand wins, and goes away to spread the news of victory. The people who have really lost heavily hide their losses, either in shame or in fear of damaging their credit."

"They haven't got my system, my boy," responded the invincible Major.

"Your system!" scoffed Medhurst. "There are runs on record which would smash your system like a house of cards, and smash you with them."

The Major had ordered a bottle of his favourite Pommery Greno, and had lit a cigar of the choicest brand to be had in that quarter of the world for love or money. He sipped and smoked in luxurious contentment, and waved a hand towards the table where his winnings still lay exposed.

"You've got a craze, Medhurst," he said tranquilly. "You're like those teetotal coves who preach against drink, or the Gospel fellows who think that everybody who sets foot on a race-course is going to the Devil. They've got the right on their side in the main. Drink's a bad thing, a confounded bad thing"—the Major emptied and refilled his glass—"but it's only bad when a man aint moderate, and a jolly good, comforting, cheerful thing when he is. Racing would be a pretty bad thing if all the world went in for it and did nothing else. You've got right on your side, too. A lot of chaps have come here with systems, and have gone to the bad with 'em—a set of rotters," the Major added with quiet and rooted scorn, "who didn't know that three and three make six. Now, look here, my boy, it comes to this: I came here on my system!"

"Oh, confound your system!" broke in Medhurst. "It's no use talking to you."

"Not a bit of use," replied the Major, cheerfully. "I come here on my system, and I play low first day and win, roughly, a couple of thousand pounds. I leave the place, and I come back to it two or three days later; I play a bit more boldly, and I win three thousand. Next day I launch out still more and I win over four. Next day, over five. To-day, over six. Now, each time the winnings increase—not because the sitting's longer, but because the stakes are higher, and they go on in—what do you call it?—geometrical progression."

"All right," said Medhurst; "if wilful will to water, wilful must drink."

"Drink," replied the Major, sipping gaily at his glass, "I should think so, and drink the best there is into the bargain."

"I'm going to Mentone," said Medhurst, gloomily, after a pause. "I have been here four days, and have never seen the child. I shall bring her over here with me, and have her somewhere near. She's too young to get any harm out of the place, and I want to see more of her than I have done."

"I say, Medhurst," said the Major, "I don't think you're as fond of the kid as you ought to be."

"No?" said Medhurst, glancing sidelong at him, and beginning to pace up and down the room.

"No," said the Major. "She's a pretty, jolly little creature, and if she were mine, begad, I'd take jolly good care to have her with me wherever I went."

"I daresay," Medhurst answered, in a tone which he tried to make indifferent. "But, for my part, I think she's a little better where she is." He looked at his watch. "There's a train in a quarter of an hour from now. Daisy, promise me one thing—promise me you won't play while I'm away. You won't dream of going back before dinner, of course, and I shall be here again a little after nine. You won't play?"

"No," said the Major; "I won't play till you come back again." He bundled the money together, with the exception of two or three notes, which he slipped into his pocket-book, and put the mass of it into a cash-box, which he sealed. "I'll leave that," he said, "with the manager. It's safer in his hands than here. Finish your wine, Medhurst, and I'll walk down to the station with you."

It was dusk already, and the evening chill had fallen. Medhurst found a carriage to himself when the train steamed up to the platform, and as it bore him away, solitary, he sat in gloomy thought with his hat tilted over his eyes, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets. By-and-by he took out from his breast-pocket a small portfolio, and selecting from its contents the same portrait he had kissed in Paris, he stood up with it and, steadying himself with one hand upon the hat-rail of the carriage, looked at it long and earnestly. The light of the lamp shook constantly as the train jolted along, and the wash of oil in the glass basin every now and then obscured the face he gazed at, so that it assumed many likenesses to him, looking gay one moment and grave the next, and running in a flickering interchange from youth to age. The train slackened as it approached an intermediate station, and, putting back the photograph, he resumed his seat.

"Lilla's a lady!" said he. "It'll be no fault of hers, poor little thing, if she isn't, though it may be some of mine."

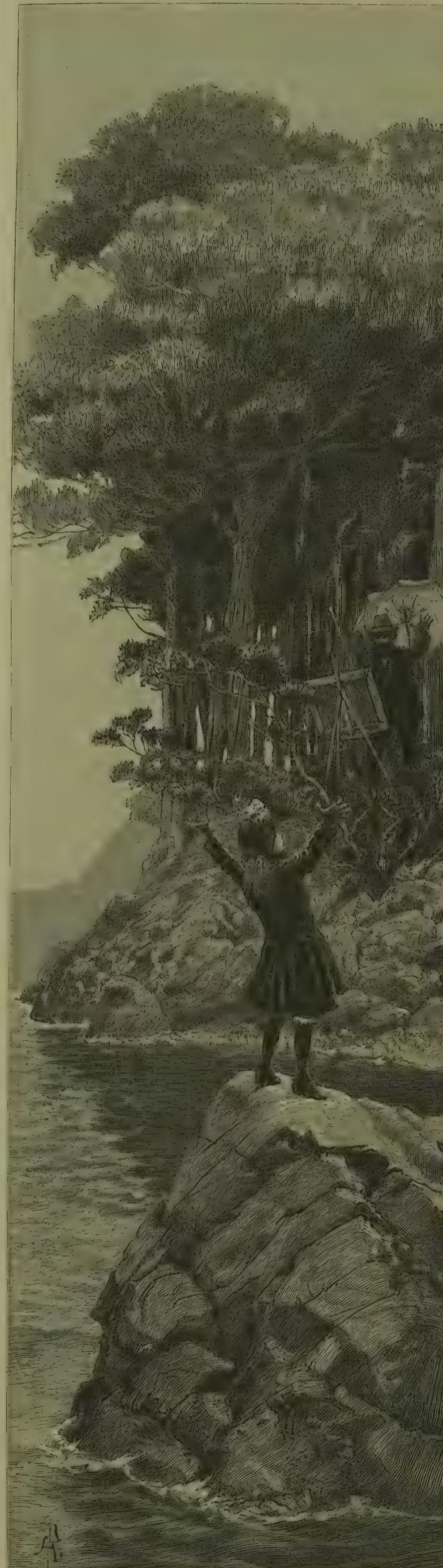
He was left alone until the conclusion of his journey, and at the door where he surrendered his ticket found himself rubbing shoulders with his shy acquaintance of Paris. He was too full of his own thoughts to notice it at the moment, but it occurred to him afterwards that even remembering how slight their knowledge of each other was, the American's manner had been somewhat unnecessarily icied. There are some things in respect to which it is not true that the hand of less employment hath the daintier sense. Medhurst had been shown the cold-shoulder so often that he had got to look out for it, and had become sensitive to the merest hint of its presentation. His face gloomed and clouded as he walked, and when at some five minutes' distance from the railway-station he paused in the street to make sure of the house he sought, he made a conscious effort to change his facial expression.

He rang a little doubtfully, and stepped back into the street to watch for the movement of some answering light. No light appeared, but a footstep sounding within doors, he

A second later he rose with some sign of agitation from his camp-stool, signing her back, and shouting to her "Take care!"

"I mean it, Medhurst!" cried the Major. "By God, I mean it!"

"I've no doubt you mean it," Medhurst answered, with even an increased dryness; "but you haven't got it, Daisy, and it isn't the moral certainty you fancy that you ever will have it. I don't believe there ever was a man with a system who didn't get his head turned by it, more or less. Mark my words—you'll lose in the long run. Every penny of that money will go back to the bank; every penny, that is, that isn't spent in the meanwhile. How



moved once more towards the entrance. The door opened, and a shrill voice, speaking in the local *patois*, asked his business. He had no sooner opened his lips in answer than the voice lost its tone of acerbity.

"Give yourself the trouble to enter, M. le Capitaine; I will find a light in a moment." A footstep went shuffling along the darkened corridor, and the voice shrilled, "Mademoiselle Lella, voici Monsieur, votre papa qui arrive!" At this there was a joyous shriek from some upper apartment of the house, and a child's steps came flying down the stairs.

"Pa, Pa! Where are you, Pa?"

"Here, my darling," said Medhurst from the doorway; and the child, rushing impetuously towards him, gave an actual leap into his arms, and hugged him by the neck in an ebullition of joy which was almost wild in its intensity. When the woman who had opened the door returned with a candle, Medhurst was still nursing the child in his arms; and she, clipping him with both hands, was leaning a flushed face over his shoulder.

"This way, Monsieur," said the woman; and he followed her up-stairs, carrying the child, who took his hat off with a laugh, and hugged him closer afterwards. Up-stairs, he was shown into a sort of room, where there was a smell of garlic in the air. The floor was paved with hexagonal tiles, not peculiarly clean, and was uncarpeted. The scattered furniture

was shabbily pretentious, and the wood fire very meagre. A girl of one or two and twenty, sallow complexioned, but not unhandsome, stood in a waiting attitude by the table, with a piece of embroidery in her hand. She was dressed in decent black, and had a dependent and care-worn aspect. She curtsied to Medhurst on his entrance, and then, seeing herself unnoticed, resumed her seat.

Medhurst, dropping down on to a sofa, took the child upon his knee, and possessed himself of both her hands.

"You didn't expect to see me, Lilla?" he asked.

"No," she said, pouting. "You haven't written for a fortnight. Madame has been nasty again. She was horrid this afternoon, and neither Mademoiselle nor I could eat our dinner. All oil and garlic!" She gave a shudder, half real and half mimicry; and Medhurst looked disturbed.

"Never mind, darling," he said. "You sha'n't stay here any longer. We're going to Monte Carlo together, and there you shall stay at an hotel."

"When shall we go?" cried the child, springing to the ground, and seizing him by both lappels of the coat.

"As soon as you can get ready," her father answered. "There is a train in an hour and a half."

"Will Mademoiselle go, too?"

"Certainly."

The child turned excitedly upon her governess and poured out the news upon her in voluble French.

"Come away!" she cried. "Come at once! Let us pack up. We shall miss the train."

"I suppose you have not much luggage, Mademoiselle?" said Medhurst. The young lady shook her head with a rather sad and meaning smile. "Run away, Lilla," said the Captain; "and begin to pack. Mademoiselle will follow in a moment. I have some business to do with her, and you can be getting ready the while."

The child reaching out her arms to him, he stooped and kissed her, and she raced enthusiastically from the room.

"I owe you a year's salary," said Medhurst. "I will pay you now, and you can give me a receipt to-morrow. I think I owe you something for your patience and forbearance, and if you will accept this I shall be obliged." He offered her a bank-note for five hundred francs, and she accepted it as if she were too much dazzled by this unexpected good fortune to be yet quite clear about it. "Will you go to Nice to-morrow," he continued, "and buy whatever may be requisite for Lilla and yourself? I want you both to make a good appearance. If you can tell me when you will be ready I will be back in time for you. In the meantime, I shall be obliged if you will send the landlady to me."

The governess withdrew, and the landlady shortly afterwards appearing, had her claim settled and gave a receipt for it. Then Medhurst betook himself to the street, and wandered to and fro for a time, within hearing of the murmur of the sea upon the beach. He was not conscious of his immediate surroundings; but he saw quite clearly the sunlit gardens of Monte Carlo, with himself and the child, both irreproachably attired, strolling there hand in hand, with the governess, also irreproachably attired, coming on at a little distance in the rear. There was something in this picture altogether delightful to the fatherly affections; but there was something more than that. The group looked eminently reputable. The British father with the pretty daughter and the sedately respectable young governess in the neighbourhood looked very little dangerous, indeed. He was likelier to make acquaintances so, who might be of use to him. He caught himself at this mental exercise with such a sudden swiftness that he gave a groan of shame and anger, and, turning abruptly on his heel, he began to walk rapidly, as if to carry himself away from the sphere of that reflection. But he had never used himself to scout his worse or to encourage his better moods, and by-and-by he resigned himself.

"Am I to be without the child because I shall look the more respectable with her? Was it my intention in coming here to make a decoy of her?"

She would make a sort of decoy, all the same, and in a minute or two he had reconciled himself to the picture which at the first glance had so horrified him. Before the time drew near for their departure he found a carriage plying for hire, and was driven back to the house. The child, already dressed

for the journey, and full of impatience to begin it, fluttered round him with a restless and excited energy, sometimes seizing him round the neck from behind his chair, and impetuously kissing him, and sometimes seating herself on his knee and sitting quietly for about a minute at a time with her head upon his breast. Since his wife's death, eight years ago, Captain Medhurst had been very little accustomed to give or receive caresses. He felt awkward in his manifestations of affection now; but more than once the child's abandonment of joy touched him with an unexpected keenness. They would never part again, he told himself. He would make some sort of fight with the world, and would rehabilitate himself in the eyes of those who knew him. In a very few years the little girl would be a woman, and then there would be no hiding from her the equivocal position he occupied, or the disdain in which he was held by people who still lived in the circle he had left. After all, he had only done on very little money what many people did who had a great deal. He had never been detected in sharp practice, and no man could lay a finger on any known episode of his life and say, "Herein thou art a rogue." If he, in his own interior knowledge of himself, could have guided the accusing finger pretty often, it made no difference. If the people of his own set were shy of him it was because they thought him dangerous, and not because they ever proved him so. Give him money enough to be respectable, and he would keep his hands

"Madame says so. She says that everybody is there. Everybody who is anybody. But everybody is somebody, isn't he, papa?"

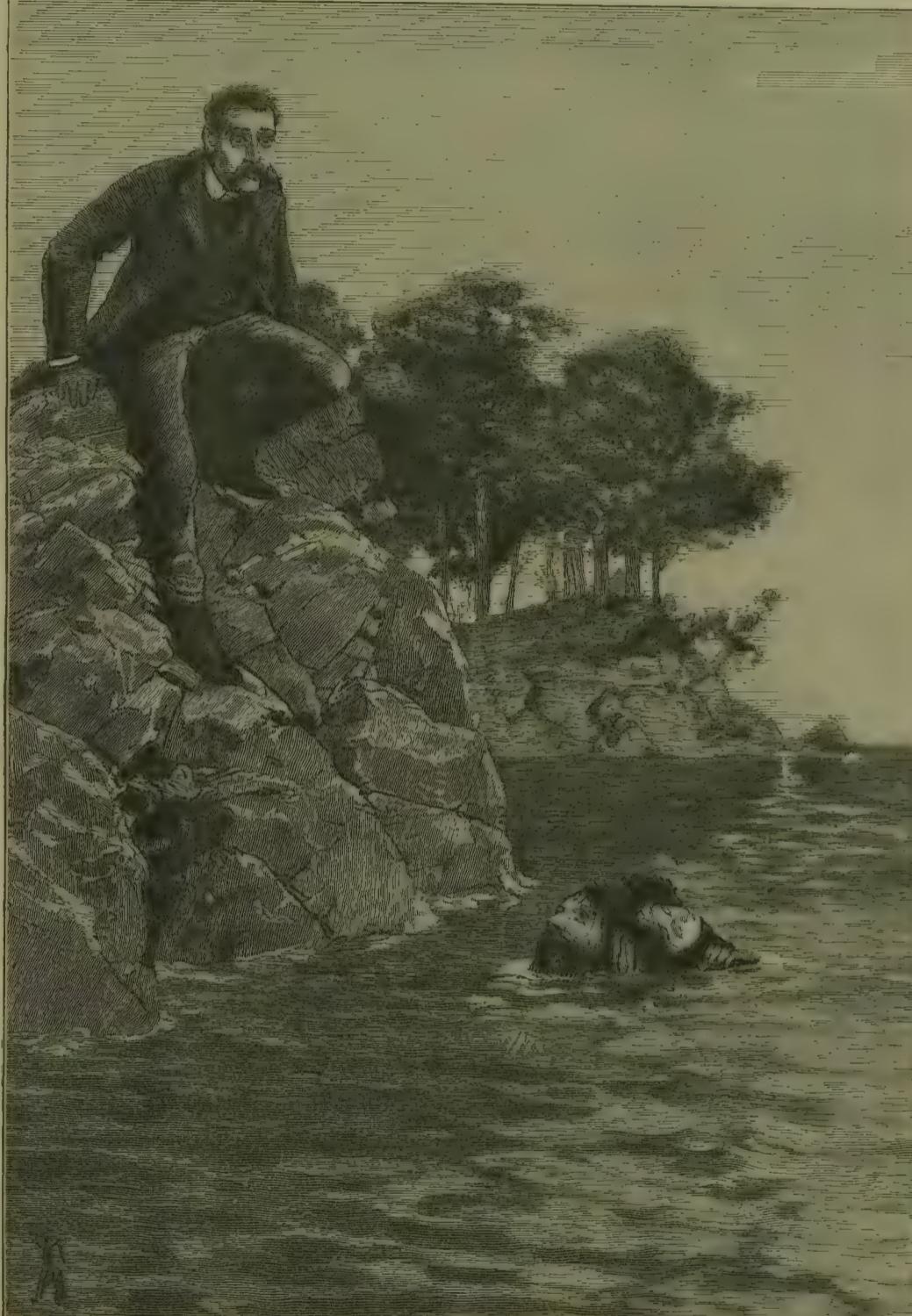
How pretty, fresh, innocent and mirthful the childish prattle seemed! The little mouth was like a surprise-box, from which something new and pleasing perpetually issued; touches of naïveté, at which he would have yawned dismally if they had been recounted of anybody else's child, made him bubble with sudden merriment, and sayings, nowise wonderful or profound, made him start to think how wise and observant Lilla was growing. He had always kept a tender place for her; but he wondered, more and more, how it was that he had never known how much he loved her! Before they reached the hotel he was overflowing with paternal tenderness, and felt himself even fluttered and disturbed by it. When he commanded a bed-room for her at the hotel he said to the head-waiter, "This is my little daughter!" with a proud fondness which quite pleased that stately personage, who had little daughters of his own. The Captain inspected the room in which she was to sleep, saw a fire lighted on the hearth, groped with his hands about the bed to assure himself that the linen was well aired, and generally pottered about with an old-bachelor kind of care for her until he completely enlisted the sympathies of the *femme-de-chambre*. He commanded sweet biscuits and Malaga-and-water, and fed the child with those dainties as she sat upon his knee. He bade her "Good-bye" for the night very tenderly, and then went to the rooms the Major and he occupied in common, in the hope of finding his companion there. Not finding him, he strolled back, ten minutes later, to his Lilla, as she lay in bed, and sat chatting with her for some ten minutes before he could tear himself away again.

This touch of youth and innocence shed a sort of reflex of youth and innocence upon his own spirit, and he went downstairs gaily to renew his inquiries for the Major. That gentleman, he was informed, had finished dinner half an hour ago, had left the hotel, and had been seen to cross towards the Casino. Medhurst, having lighted an excellent cigar, was loth to part with it, and so wandered up and down in the atrium, weaving his way through and through the crowd disgorged by the music-room at the close of the first half of the nightly concert. There was no Daisy to be seen there, nor yet in the reading-room. He could hardly have gone back to play again after his solemn promise to the contrary; and yet Medhurst was a little uneasy. He was not quite uneasy enough to surrender his unfinished cigar, but his doubts spoiled its flavour, and he walked disconsolately to the head of the outer steps and stood there surveying the comers and goers, and vainly striving to make out the Major's stalwart swagger amongst them.

Had he but gone straight into the play-room he might have averted the catastrophe of the night. For at the moment at which Medhurst had entered the atrium the Major was guilty of a folly and a breach of faith in one. It was the Daisy's habit to take a little more wine than was actually good for him at dinner, and to-day the cheerful brigand had exceeded even his ordinary potations. He felt that the splendid fortunes of the afternoon afforded the best of excuses for another bottle. Another bottle needed such slim excuses at the worst that the tempter prevailed with him, and up the other bottle came—cuvée réservée extra sec, with a longish price facing its name on the list. The Major was willing to pay the longish price, but if, over and above the sum set down upon the hotel wine-carte, he had known that that second bottle would cost him, in round figures, twenty thousand sterling, he would have heaved it through the plate-glass window and have paid the damage with a light heart rather than have uncorked it. The vision before the Major's gaze revealed anything but loss or the danger of loss; and when he had finished his bottle he made the waiter help him on with his furred overcoat and present him with his hat and cane and gloves, and so sullied

had but a mere handful of money in his pocket, a wretched three or four thousand francs or so, and he meant to go over and try a little variation of his system on a small scale by way of an experiment. He left his outer adorments in the cloak-room, and after a minute or two of waiting found a place at one of the tables. Then he began to punt quietly with such good fortune that it seemed absurd in view of it to play a timid game. He launched out therefore, and almost before he knew it, found himself changing his last note into napoleons. By this time he was eager for the battle, and drawing out his card-case and jewelled pencil he wrote and signed a line or two of command to the hotel manager and whispered the *chef de parti*, who spoke an excellent foreign English. A trustworthy person from the Casino crossed to the hotel, and a moment or two later the manager and the trustworthy person returned together, the former bearing in his hands the cash-box entrusted to him, and politely surrendering it to the owner's care.

The poor Major! It was almost the last moment of splendour for many and many a day; but he had never looked or felt so truly, so imperially noble, as he did when he unlocked that box, and the gallery gaped and gasped to see it crammed almost to the top with bank paper and thickly sown above with louis d'or. The Major took a heap of the notes, without counting, and rolled out the gold upon the green cloth. Then with his scented cambric he brushed away the fragments of wax which had fallen from the broken seals, diffusing the perfume of ylang-ylang to all nostrils. Next, he handed the box, relocked, to the care of the chef, and began to play in earnest. He was as sober as a judge to look at, but within-doors he was as irresponsible as a child. He began well enough, dropped the variation he had tested, and relied



He looked up at Medhurst and sang out cheerily—"She's all right, old man!"

so clean that no man would dare to hint that he had ever soiled them.

That harebrained vision of the Major's got somehow into his mind and stuck there. The obstinate, good-hearted fool might win, if not so much as he dreamt of, enough to make good his promise; and if that should happen, his word was as good as his bond. Medhurst had no faith in the success of the Major's scheme, and yet the hold this fancy took upon him was remarkable. He caught himself declaring with an inward stress, at which he laughed mockingly a second later, that the money should be tied so tightly on the child that he should be unable to rob her of a penny of it in the Major's interest.

It was not a pretty thing to think of, with that pretty little girl clinging affectionately round his neck; but had they not tinkered with that American fellow long enough, and wasn't it time to begin seriously with him? To let him win next time and make the stakes higher while he was winning, and then to sweep the board? Even after that he might come back again if he were keen set enough, and nothing they were likely to get out of him would hurt him much.

"Papa!" The child's voice recalled him with a pretty imperiousness. "I don't want you to go away again."

"No, my dear," he answered. "But I have had to travel about a great deal, and I could not take you with me away from your lessons. I shall not have to travel so much now, and we are going to be together always."

She gave him a vivid kiss at that, and he dropped back into his fancies, until the governess warned him that it was time to start. Lilla was excited beyond measure at the carriage-drive, and the prospect of the brief railway journey beyond it.

"It is the season at Monte Carlo, papa," she said.



Sweet maid, some fairy's magic wand
Has surely in a roguish freak,
Transformed the roses in thy hand
And made them bloom upon thy cheek.

ROSEBUDS.

From the Picture by G. D. Leslie, R.A.

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'Tis said that Cupid often lies
In ambush hid among the roses.
Ah, then, beware! lest his bright eyes
Should find you when you gather posies.



Sure, none who knew it in its prime would recognise The Grange :
Ten years ago I saw the place—and now, O what a change !
For then a fair and gracious dame, with girls, the county's boast,
And stalwart lads, a genial band, were clustered round our host ;
Then on their closely-shaven lawn, throughout the summer day,
Was gathered many a jocund throng, in sports and pastimes gay ;
For thither flocked, in eager haste, the neighbours all around,
By ties of cordial friendship knit, as in one family bound.

RUINED.

Drawn by A. Quinton.

But soon a change came o'er the scene—clouds gathered in a trice ;
For how can any home survive the rattle of the dice ?
Our host, alas ! poor, simple man, plunged heavily in play,
And quickly squandered all his wealth in gambling dens away :
So, Squire Hawthorne, who erewhile looked all men in the face,
Slunk from his family and friends, to hide his dire disgrace ;
The Grange no longer holds its head in patrimonial pride,
And his sweet wife and children dear are scattered far and wide.

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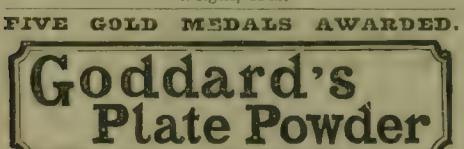
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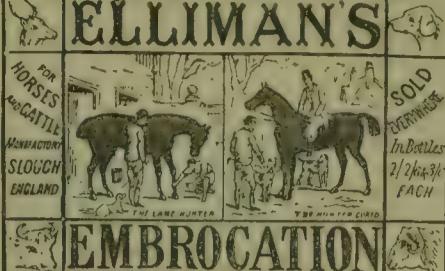
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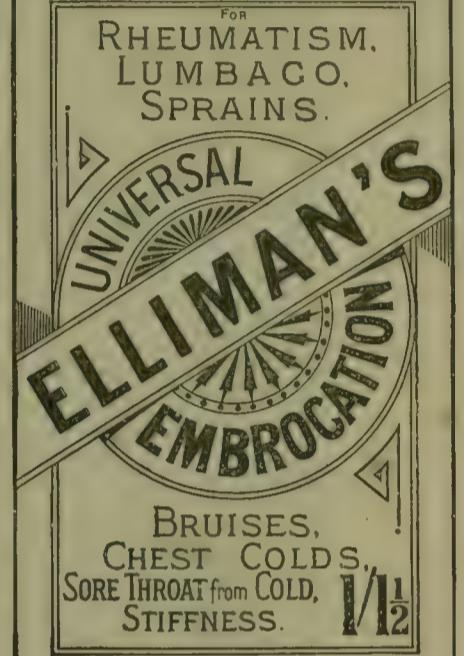
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entirely upon his system. He gave that a fair chance, too, beginning at the beginning, and mounting in due progression to the maximum which guards the bank, but, losing that, he went for the gloves, and lost at a pace which was no less than frightful. At length he deserted his plan recklessly and went for the simple chances, the columns, and the dozens. He set down maximums on each and all—four-and-twenty thousand francs—and awaited the turn of the wheel. He had a seat in front of the red diamond, and backed his side of the table, rouge, impair, manque, first dozen, and last column. He was hit hard already, and his heart knocked busily against his ribs as he watched the wheel. Even if he won at this stupendous play it would take him half-a-dozen *coups* to bring himself back to the point from which he started; and he had a sort of dreadful premonition that the result of this one chance was charged with fate. If he won, he would break the bank; and, if he lost, he knew, as only superstitious people, who have no grounds for their belief, know anything, that he would rise a ruined man.

The ivory marble gave its first warning click.

“Rien ne va plus!”

It fell.

“Vingt-huit. Noir, pair, et passe.”

The fateful rake gathered up the Major's twenty-four thousand francs, and he began, with fingers that trembled in spite of himself, to count for a new stake. He held out his hand for the box, and it was a work of some little difficulty to open it. He couldn't find the keyhole readily until the thought of the crowded observers steadied him. Then he took out a second great sheaf of notes, relocked the box, returned it to the chief, and completed his stake. At this moment Medhurst entered the room, and seeing that all the idlers of the place were drawn to one table, uneasily suspected the Major there. He would not believe his own suspicions all at once, and pretending to himself that he had discarded them entirely, he strolled to the table, and found himself staring point-blank at his companion between the heads of half-a-dozen rows of people. There was nothing to indicate the inward riot in the Major's mind beyond the fact that he looked flushed and sulky, and that he wore a sort of bull-dog expression which was new in Medhurst's knowledge of him.

“Trois,” said the croupier's voice. “Rouge, impair, et manque.”

The gallery moved, and sent up a cry which was for all the world like a miniature copy of that which mounts from a crowd at the sight of a bouquet of fireworks. Medhurst rounded the table, and pushed eagerly to where the Major sat. One or two who had remarked his association with the player made willing way for him; but others, who were strange to him, resented his attempt to pass. There was a little scuffle, and at the end of it Medhurst was standing at the back of the Major's chair.

The croupier was counting out thirty thousand francs for payment to the Major, and for an instant Medhurst did not quite see what had happened, though, with the stakes still upon the table, and the money passing to his comrade's hands, the position of affairs needed little explanation.

“This isn't the system, Major,” Medhurst whispered, bending above him. It never crossed his mind that the Major had broken into the cash-box. He supposed him to have begun with the contents of his pocket-book, and to have risen to this daring play by sheer luck and audacity. The Major answered nothing, but left his stakes upon the table. The game went on, and the next two or three turns of the wheel made great inroads on the second pile of notes.

“That'll do for to-night, Daisy,” Medhurst whispered again. “Be content with what you've done already. Now, be persuaded, there's a good fellow. You know,” he went on, seeing that the Major preserved an obstinate silence, “that you authorised me to stop you if I found you going outside the system. You seem to have done pretty well as things stand, but you'll spoil it all if you go on at this pace.”

The tone was measured carefully enough to reach the Major's ears only. The words had no more effect upon him than if they had remained unspoken. Medhurst became charged with a cold anger at the other's obstinacy, and stood by to watch whilst the Major's money melted at an average of some five hundred pounds for each turn of the wheel. At last there were but two or three notes of the second pile left, and Medhurst tried again.

“Come,” he whispered, “you're where you started now, or thereabouts. Give it up for to-night.”

For sole answer the Major turned towards the chief and extended his hand. The chief held the cash-box towards him, and Medhurst, with a start and an inarticulate groan of anger, which was audible to all the table, intercepted it. The Major turned in his chair, and, seizing the cash-box violently with both hands, dragged it out of Medhurst's grasp, set it upon the table, and unlocked it. At that, the whole truth flashing upon Medhurst's mind in a second, he seized the Major's burly shoulders as if he would tear him from his seat.

“You unmitigated ass!” he said, forgetting to measure his tone this time. “You have squandered fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds! Didn't you give me your solemn word of honour not to play to-night? Give me that cash-box. You sha'n't throw the rest away.”

“Go to the devil, Sir!” cried the Major, wrathfully.

“Mind your own business.”

“This is my business,” Medhurst answered.

“I'll be hanged if it is, though!” said the Major.

At the noise of the strong voices people ran from all parts of the room.

“I have done,” said Medhurst, loudly, but with a self-possession in the midst of his anger which the Major could not command; “I have done what you yourself besought me to do. You told me that you were a fool, and not fit to be trusted at the tables after dinner. You begged me to keep you away, and authorised me to take the money from the table if you played wildly. I have done my duty, and I wash my hands of you. You may take your idiotic course alone!”

“I am glad,” responded the Major, calling after him as he forced his way through the crowd, “I am glad to be rid of your damned impudent interference on any terms, Sir!”

And having delivered himself thus, he turned back with foolish, fruitless valour to the tables, and did not rise till his last bank-note was gone. He had seen that it was going, and had reconciled himself so perfectly for the moment in that irresponsible, happy-go-lucky mind of his that he laughed with unfeigned good-humour when it was all over. He had still a double handful of gold pieces left, but he was not going to fall to stakes which any body might play after that superb losing game, so he swaggered with perfect seeming tranquillity to the *vestiaire*, secured his stick and hat and overcoat, and, returning to the hotel, went to his rooms and ordered wine. As he sat drinking alone he laughed with great enjoyment once or twice at the recollection of certain small episodes in the history of the evening, but he began to feel that there was a cloud above him. Little by little it descended, until he was saturated with its gloom. He ordered more wine, and the waiter brought his bill. He paid it with lordly oaths, demanding to know why a gentleman should be insulted by the proffer of his account before he asked for it, and

threatening to quit the house next morning. But the news of the Major's prodigious losses had reached the hotel before him, and the manager was not unnaturally anxious to secure his money. Perhaps the waiter had heard the like objurgations before. People keep hotels under unusual conditions at Monte Carlo, and the gay-hearted, loud, and lordly person for whom nothing is good enough on Monday is pretty often a mournful hanger-on on hope and sufferance by the Saturday. What Crœuses there are there for a day or two! what holders of the Fortunatus' purse for an hour! How they shine and swell and burgeon, and, oh! how they wither and diminish! The experienced host knows these gentlemen in all their stages. He must have curious views of the world.

The Major in his convivial hours was wont to give vent to certain old-fashioned toasts or sentiments, and one of these was “May the evening's amusement bear the morning's reflection.” There were few who had greater need to offer up that petition than the Major. His evening's amusement had failed to bear the morning's reflection pretty constantly, and, sanguine accepting the fact, he had met the trouble by refusing to reflect. But after that historic night at the tables the sturdiest refusal was of no avail. Medhurst found him very ill in bed. He was drinking champagne and seltzer, and his red face was so swollen that his eyes seemed half obliterated.

“Medhurst, old boy,” groaned the Major, “do you want to hear my opinion of myself?”

“I have my own,” Medhurst answered.

“You've got a right to it. I'm the biggest fool out of Hanwell. I ought to be harnessed to a sand-cart. There isn't such another ass alive. If I had to go and play, why couldn't I stick to the system? To have twenty thousand pounds, and jack it that way! Twenty thousand pounds! Think of the unlimited spree a fellow might have had with it! Go out!” he cried, struggling upright in his wrath and scorn. “go out and hire some able-bodied scoundrel to come here and kick me! Go and tell 'em that the Daisy”—he smote himself resoundingly upon the breast—“the Daisy is nothing but a blooming Juggins!”

The reflection was too bitter for him. He fell back upon his pillow and groaned.

“I told you how it would be,” said Medhurst. “You were better off than ever you had been in your life before; and you must needs throw away everything that chance had given you, and insult the man who tried to save you, into the bargain.”

“I was a madman,” said the Major. “You ought to have punched my head, Medhurst.”

“I anticipated this,” Medhurst answered; for he was by no means the man to let an error go unemphasised. He had thought people very unreasonably and cruelly bitter in his own case; but his own were the only blunders ever made for which he was prepared to find excuse. “I expected to be told that I had not made my remonstrance strong enough. I endured to be told publicly that I was a meddlesome impertinent. You were good enough to tell me that you were glad to be rid of my impudent interference at any price.”

“I beg your pardon, old chap,” said the Major. “I was an ungrateful ass. I deserve to be kicked. You can take it out of me now, and I won't retaliate. I think,” he added plaintively, “that it would do me good.”

But in spite of all humiliation on the one side, and all wrathful contempt upon the other, the twenty thousand pounds were gone, and there was no way to conjure them back again.

“After what happened last night,” said Medhurst, with a certain harsh and cold dignity, which never failed to have its effect upon the Major, “I do not see what you and I have to do with each other. I do not propose to leave you stranded”—

“Good Lord! Medhurst!” ejaculated the Daisy. “You're not talking about leaving me for a hasty word?”

“After the occurrences of last night,” returned Medhurst, “and the public scandal you were pleased to put upon me, I do not see what remains but that.”

The Major, wallowing in his bedclothes, groaned anew, and then sat up again.

“I was screwed last night, old chap,” he said piteously. “I didn't know what I was saying. I beg your pardon, with all my heart. Hang it, old man, pitch into me as much as ever you like, but don't cut me! And we've got such a plant on between us with that Yankee that we may be just as well off again in a week. I made him promise to come and dine to-night, and we've fiddled about with him quite long enough, in all conscience!”

It had never been Medhurst's intention to part company with his colleague, so that when he had fully asserted his own wrongs, and the Major had sufficiently humiliated himself, he consented to be partly reconciled.

“I agree,” he said, “on one condition. You have cleaned yourself out completely, of course: so long as we are here together I must have charge of our joint belongings. I shall not allow you more than a hundred francs at a time, and if you like to fool that away at the tables, you may—though I don't suppose that such a capital will tempt you.”

The Major, for the sake of peace, was willing to accede to anything, and would have accepted much harder conditions than those imposed upon him.

“You want money now?” asked Medhurst.

“No,” said the Daisy; “I've got a louis or two.”

He spoke with no intent to deceive; but when, an hour or two later, he got up and languidly dressed himself, he discovered that he had considerably underrated his belongings, and overhauling all his garments he contrived to gather together nearly as much as the sum which had sufficed him for the beginning of his campaign against the bank. At this discovery, hope rose anew within his spirit. His bath had done something for him, and breakfast—begun with extreme distaste and languor, but finally accomplished with some semblance of energy, did more. By two o'clock he felt himself his own man again, and learning on inquiry that Medhurst had left the hotel until half-past seven, the Major walked towards the Casino. He was, to be sure, a little shaky in his gait, and a little guilty in his thoughts; but his habitual swagger hid his perturbation from the public eye, and when he strolled into the *salle-de-jeu* he looked so little moved by last night's catastrophe that the few who recognised him resolved either that he was a cool hand indeed, or that he must be quite a Rothschild.

Finding a seat at his accustomed table he went back humbly to his system, and to his original method of playing it. Fortune, less kind to him than at the beginning, yet relented a little, and he prospered so far that before it was time to make ready for dinner he was playing pretty high again, and was once more the chief centre of interest at the table.

In the meantime Medhurst, after his domiciliary visit, had sent for his little daughter, and had set out with her upon a rural excursion for the day. He would have been in better trim for it if the Major's behaviour had been different, but he had had to reconcile himself to so many losses of his own that he found it comparatively easy to forget another's. And though he was on pleasure bent, he had a frugal mind. He would give himself a day of fatherly intercourse with his child, and would, at the same time, make sure that the

American millionaire should keep his appointment for dinner. This mingling of the domestic and the vulpine was a little *bizarre*, perhaps; but Captain Medhurst did not feel it to be so. He bowed off to Juan-les-Pins with the child, and allowed his fluttered spirits to be gradually calmed by her gay and innocent talk. Arriving there in time for luncheon, he met the young artist at table.

“I am giving my little daughter a day's holiday,” he said.

“We spoke of your painting last time you did us the pleasure to dine with Major De Vere and myself, and I thought you might not consider me impudent if I ask leave to look at one or two of your drawings.”

Paul, scenting a possible patron, assented immediately. He would have said “Yes” to anybody, for his work was his one pride and joy; but he said it more readily when he thought he saw a chance of doing business. It was on the tip of his tongue half-a-dozen times to ask if Medhurst had taken him for the millionaire; but, candid and outspoken as his manners were, he was not without delicacy. It was not easy to hint that this courteous and hospitable acquaintance had only been willing to know him because he had thought him enormously rich, and without some suggestion of that kind Paul hardly saw his way to the inquiry. He kept silence, therefore, with respect to that topic; though Medhurst once gave him an actual chance. It was when they were in the painter's bed-room together, and Paul was displaying his work.

“Really,” said the Captain, settling his pince-nez and surveying the canvas before him with some signs of surprise, “this is very remarkable work!” He did not know much about pictures, but he knew enough to be able to make some distinction between the ordinary inefficiency of the amateur and this bold yet subtle delineation of Nature. “I suppose,” he went on, “that it would be unfair to ask you, considering how short a time you have been here, if you have anything more to show me?”

“I work pretty fast,” said Paul. “I have done three other things, but they have gone away.”

He could have said, easily enough, that he had sold them; but he shrank somehow from that declaration.

When he went out to resume his afternoon's labours, Medhurst walked with him, and stood by to watch the progress of the work. But this was not very much in his line, and in a while he began to yawn behind his gloved fingers. By-and-by, with some profession of admiration for the beauties of the landscape, and his desire to see more of them, he strolled away with Lilla's hand in his. Short as their acquaintance had been, the child and the artist were already excellent friends, and she called out to him in her clear treble that they would not be long away, and he turned to nod smilingly at her and to wave his broad-brimmed sombrero. They had not gone far when, rounding a little rocky headland, the child found a natural chair, formed in its side, and shrilled the intelligence of this wonderful discovery at papa.

“Come and look, papa!” she cried ecstatically. “There is room for two.”

She insisted on sitting down with him, and he was obedient for that day, at least, to all her whims.

“You have not smoked since luncheon,” she said, with a pretty assumption of being elderly. “That is because you are but with a lady. But she does not object to the smell of tobacco in the open air, and you can have your cigar.”

With that she rummaged in his pockets for his cigar-case and the little silver box in which he carried his wax matches. Then, having struck a light for him, she arranged his hat in an idly rakish posture, and disposed his hands until he looked sufficiently restful to her fancy.

“Now,” she said, holding up a warning finger to him, “you will stay like that until you are strong enough to go on again. I am going to see if there are any shells. There are not nearly so many here as there used to be at Hastings. Now, stay like that, and be good. For if you move away I shall lose you, and how you would get back to Monte Carlo without me, goodness gracious knows!”

“Ah, my dear,” he answered, putting his arms about her, “it would be very hard to have to go without you.”

She kissed him with a swift vivacity, but immediately reproved his breach of orders.

“You are to stay like that”—rearranging him, and giving his hat a more languidly rakish cock than before. “You are not to over-exert yourself; and you are not to move till I come back again.”

“Very well,” her father answered, with a keener delight in all this childish fun than he would have thought possible the day before. The child clambered down the rocks, turning every now and then to see that he retained the posture in which she had placed him; and his eyes followed her with a tender and affectionate complacence.

Until within half an hour, the warm winter sun had been shining full upon the place he occupied, so that there was no sense of chillness in the stone. He was in shadow now, and something in the attitude in which his little daughter had placed him coincided so completely with the dreamy stillness of the scene, and with his own pleasant, idle, after-luncheon sensations, that he was within an ace of falling into a doze, when a strange voice pronounced his name, almost in his ear.

“This—what do you call him?—Captain Medhurst. What is he?”

Captain Medhurst had never been more wide awake in his life, but he felt a sort of dreamlike sensation still, and sat quite silent, hidden, as he knew very well, by the overhanging rocks amidst which he sat. The voice he had heard sounded elderly, and was unmistakably American, smooth, agreeable, and cultured, and Bostonian in every tone.

“I don't know what to make of him,” said another voice, which Medhurst recognised immediately. “He's a gentleman unmistakably, or, rather, I should be inclined to say that unmistakably he has been.”

Medhurst was nine-tenths inclined to rise and reveal himself. It is proverbial that listeners rarely hear good of themselves. The speakers had paused, and, as he guessed, had sat down out of sight above him. They seemed disposed to discuss him with some candour, and he hardly cared to be present unseen at a candid handling of his own character.

“He has rather the look of a roué,” the second voice went on, “and yet there are certain marks of distinction about him.”

“And the other man—what do you call him?—De Vere?”

“Vulgar from head to foot. Of course one would not like to say on such slender evidence, that practically it is no evidence at all, that they are anything but honourable and high-minded men, but I don't like the fact that the young fellow has fallen into his hands. They think him prodigiously rich, they have induced him already to play for high stakes, and when I bought the sketch from him the other day he confessed to me that they had almost cleaned him out already. But for the fact that he had sold a picture that morning he told me that he would not have known where to turn. He is a gold medalist, and has a three years' travelling allowance; but with all he can earn he cannot afford such associates as Major De Vere and Captain Medhurst.”

This was very curious matter for Medhurst's hearing, and he was so surprised and so eager to hear more that he sat still



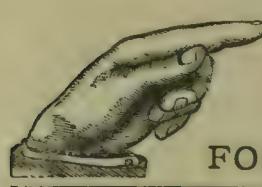
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"CONSCIENCE —



Our greedy Ponto, only chuckling,
Nips by the neck a dainty duckling;
And would have stifled its last quack,
But sudden pauses—there, alack!
Before him stands a goblin creature,
Half man, yet lacking form and feature;
His arms stick out, his garments wave,
But he is silent as the grave.

"DOES MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL."

Drawn by Stanley Berkeley.

What can the ragamuffin mean?
Such monster Ponto ne'er had seen;
And, trembling more and more, he sees
The figure, caught by sudden breeze,
Cut such queer capers, round and round
Fast whirling, though securely bound;
That Ponto scampers off in dread,
And leaves his duckling prey half dead.

as a stone and listened intently, with no lingering idea of proclaiming himself.

"You warned the young fellow?" said the elder voice.

"I put it to him that he might be taken for a certain very wealthy person of the same name as himself. I could not warn him against these English military people, to whose disadvantage I know absolutely nothing."

"That warning alone should have been enough for him, surely?"

"It does not seem to have been so. He told me yesterday that he had an engagement to dine with them this evening at Monte Carlo, and said that he was going to try to win back his losses."

"Really, my dear Paul, I don't see that you have any need to concern yourself further about the matter. You are not Paul Jones' keeper, and you have done what you could."

"It is that stupid alias of mine that has done the whole mischief. The boy is perfectly frank and open. He tells me he never played in his life before, except for the simplest stakes, and he talks about the splendid excitement of the game in a way which makes me think him likely to be betrayed into mischief."

"You seem to be pretty sure that these two Englishmen fastened upon him because they supposed him to be yourself?"

"Because they supposed him to have my money?—yes. I haven't the slightest doubt about that. But in spite of that they may be very decent people. We all know men who have money whom we would not know at all in poverty, and do not vastly care to know even as things are."

There was a pause at this point, and after it the elder man asked—

"You take an interest in the boy?"

"Yes. He seems likely to put a feather in the cap of American art. I think he has a real genius for his work, and I know that it was my alias which put him into danger. These are reasons enough for interest, surely?"

"Ample, my dear Paul; ample," returned the elder.

Then there was another pause.

"There are two or three things very well worth painting in the neighbourhood of Mentone. We might get him over there, and keep him a little out of the way of these people. It will seem quite natural in Americans to offer him hospitality, and I want him to paint me a picture or two."

"You know where he is at work now?" asked the elder.

"I think I can find him. Shall we go?"

There was a sound of footsteps grating on the rough stones of the hill-side walk, and they and the voices gradually faded out of hearing together. Medhurst sat still and wondered rather disconsolately. Fortune had seemed to cast a great prize in his way, and when he had made actually sure of it had suddenly struck it worthless between his thumb and finger. He had been so shrewdly certain that the painter was playing at poverty that the memory of his own confidence humiliated him, and made him feel like a foolish dupe. The young fellow had never disguised anything, and had behaved with perfect naturalness from first to last. He had even told Medhurst and the Major—in language as plain as any man need employ for such a purpose—that he was poor, and had to work for his living. In sweet enjoyment of their acumen they had chuckled over this as a piece of Yankee shrewdness, and had thought how unavailing it was by the side of the paragraph in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* which blazoned the millionaire's arrival. Medhurst had reconciled himself to the Major's losses, partly because they were the Major's, and not his own, but partly also because he had seen a veritable Golconda ahead, and had meant to be in port no later than that evening.

It had never been a superstition of Captain Medhurst's to pay his debts with any unseemly hurry. But with that unexpected windfall from the Major's early winnings he had, to the great surprise of half-a-dozen creditors, scattered as many hundreds abroad. He had likewise made some expensive purchases, for he was a believer in Mr. Wemmick's theory of "portable property," and liked to utilise good fortune in that way. It was his mode of provision against the inevitable rainy day to buy articles of value upon which his Aunt or his Uncle—according to his residence in France or England—would advance him money if need were. Now, what with his incautious payment of old debts and his extravagant purchases, he found himself within two or three hundred pounds of poverty, and the land of Golconda had turned out to be no better than a mirage. The real owner of ten millions sterling was as little likely to come to his call as any man alive. It was really bitter to awake from such a dream, and even people who do not make a precarious living by experiment on the vices and follies of his fellow-men may have a sympathetic understanding of Captain Medhurst's situation.

Lilla had scrambled out of sight, and he was so absorbed in his own reflections that he had forgotten her. The child had found at the bottom of the headland an imposing precipice of some six feet in depth between her and the pebbly strand, and, not being disposed to face this, had wandered on in search of an easier descent. The road she hit upon led upward rather than downward, and in a while she found herself upon a small promontory of rock, which jutted out into clear water, and, somewhat to her surprise, commanded a view of the artist. She signalled him with a laugh of artless triumph, as if she had been successful in a game of hide-and-seek; and he, looking up at this gay burst of childish music, waved his hand to her. A second later he rose with some sign of agitation from his camp-stool, signing her back, and shouting to her "Take care!" Whether this energetic warning precipitated the accident it might be difficult to say. Perhaps the child's perch, foreshortened from the artist's point of view, looked less tenable than it really was; but, at the cry, she felt a sudden insecurity, and looked about her for a way of return. Almost immediately upon the artist's shout her father cried "Lilla!" in a voice of alarm; and, seeming swiftly to realise a danger she had not felt till then, she made a false step, lost her foothold, and plunged backward with a shriek of terror into the water. Medhurst was already afoot when the cry of the failing child reached his ears. He scrambled madly down the rock, bruising his limbs and tearing his clothes in his progress. In a minute he stood on the spot from which his child had fallen, and realised with a thrill of hopeless horror that the water below him was full twenty feet in depth. To attempt a rescue was to go to certain death, for he could not swim a yard; but at the very instant when this horror attacked him he caught a flash of something white in the water, and realised the fact that Paul Jones was there, swimming at a prodigious pace towards the spot where Lilla had fallen. The painter had thrown off his coat in running, and the flash of white came from his shirt-sleeves. He swam like a seal or an otter, for he had many a time spent the third part of a long summer day a mile or two out from the cliffs of his native place, wallowing in the waves of the salt Atlantic, and was almost as much at home in the water as upon the land. The wretched father, wringing his hands together, stood helplessly to watch. Lilla had sunk, and his agonised gaze sought her in vain; but Paul Jones knew her whereabouts; and, arriving just as she came to the surface, put one mighty arm about her, and held her there in safety. He looked up at Medhurst and sang out cheerily—

"She's all right, old man! It's nothing more than a ducking. Don't be frightened, darling; you're all right now. No danger. Nothing but a dip and out again."

He rolled over like some monster native to the deep, and swam in shore, bearing his light burden easily. As he waded to the land, he took the child in both arms, and saw that she had fainted from the shock of fear.

"Come on to the hotel!" he bellowed to Medhurst. "There's no harm done. She'll be all right in half an hour!"

He ran to where he had left his jacket on the beach, and, folding it tightly about the child, he raced off towards the hotel with her, leaving a shining track of moisture behind him as he went. The millionaire and Dr. Morris, who had arrived in time to witness the rescue, hurried after him; and Medhurst, climbing back to the footway in wild excitement, shot past them at racing speed in pursuit of the painter and his burden. They arrived at the hotel almost together.

"She's all right, the little darling," said Paul, as Medhurst came up panting. "Look at her. There's them pretty little violets opening again, and the roses coming back. Scared, wasn't you, pretty? No wonder neither. Send one of the women-folks up," he added to Medhurst, "to get these wet things off her. I'll carry her up to my own room."

The house was in a bustle for a moment, but it was soon over. Five minutes later Medhurst was seated by the artist's bed, and the child, warm and dry, and safe and sound, was lying in it beside him. He was very strongly moved, and felt that if he had tried to speak he must needs have broken into tears. Somebody had carried out Paul's portmanteau, and the young fellow, when he had changed his garments in another room, came and rapped gently at the door of his own chamber. Medhurst, rising to open the door, took him by the hand and wrung it hard, without saying a word.

"All right, old man," said Paul, himself more moved by the sight of the father's emotion than he cared to show. "How are we now? Nice and warm? That's well. I'm no great believer in wine for children as a general rule, Captain; but I don't think a little drop of port with hot water and, maybe, just half an hour's nap after it, would do any harm in this case. Shall I send it up?"

Medhurst, not yet able to trust himself to speak, nodded in assent, and Paul slipped away.

"A gallant rescue, Sir," said the old doctor, warmly, as the painter appeared upon the stairs. Paul gave his order before replying, and the old gentleman repeated his encomium, and was even so far carried from that repose which stamps the high-bred Bostonian as to pat the young Hercules on the back.

"Well, no," said Paul; "it don't take much gallantry to swim fifty yards and back in smooth water."

"It was a most providential thing," said Paul, the millionaire, "that a strong swimmer happened to be so near at hand."

"I am with you, Sir," Paul, the painter, answered. "That's another pair of shoes. That poor father's in a state!"

The recollection of Medhurst's emotion was too much for him, and he had either to be silent or to break down. He chose to be silent, and the doctor insisted upon ordering a bottle of wine and made him partake of it, though he laughed at the precaution.

Medhurst administered the port negus by the spoonful with some confused recollection of the danger of taking nourishment too rapidly after a long period of hunger. Every now and again he set the glass down to kiss the child, and altogether he experienced more emotion and became aware of a tenderer affection than any man who had known him would have given him credit for. When all the negus was consumed, he closed the jalousies at the window, and drew the curtains.

"Try to go to sleep for a little while, my darling," he whispered, "and you will wake up quite strong and well."

He took his seat by the bedside again, and, waiting there in the darkness, was struck upon a sudden by one curious and unpleasant thought. This same Paul Jones, who was not a millionaire, had saved his child's life, and he had won a hundred and twenty pounds from him, which the young man could ill, indeed, afford to lose. The Major had lost everything. There was a pretty heavy bill to meet at the hotel. Without that hundred and twenty pounds, the firm would be very near poverty again, and yet it began to look base to keep it. It was, of course, impossible to return it openly.

Captain Medhurst had certain natural qualifications which would have allowed him to shine as a card-conjuror, if he had cared for the sort of fame which is to be earned in that direction. He preferred to employ his cultivated gift in coaxing Fortune, whose proverbial fickleness of regard grows stable when she is courted after a certain manner. Vulgarly, to interfere with chance in a game of chance is said to be to cheat; and people who cheat at cards are held up to universal disapprobation, even by other people who cheat at cards and have not yet been detected. The only plea on which Medhurst could surrender the money was that he had won it unfairly—an altogether impossible confession. Medhurst was not a very delicate man; but everybody has his limitations, whether in the way of virtue or its opposite; and he did not like to rob poor people. Against the wealthy his method of war had a certain aspect of fairness. If a rich man risked a little money which was of no great value to him, Medhurst risked a reputation, without which he was doubly and trebly ruined. The intellectual ways of most people are full of crookedness, and to think straight is one of the rarest of human gifts. But when a man's morals have gone crooked, and his intellectual part gives itself over to the task of proving that they keep the just right line of rectitude, the sinuosities of the mental way grow curious indeed.

He thought of sending Paul the money anonymously, and could find no means of doing it which would quite divert suspicion from himself. He would be seeming to pay the painter for the child's life, and that did not look like a chivalrous thing in the circumstances. He thought of giving him a commission to paint a picture, but that would be only to get value for the money. One thing only he resolved upon—the lad should not suffer at his hands.

He thought it rather hard lines that the Major should have had his share of the winnings, and have got rid of them in so insensate a fashion. The burden would fall entirely upon himself, and when he had devised the means of taking it up he meant to bear it. Somehow, in the later years of his career, he was always beginning life anew. He felt half a spite at Paul for not being the personage he had been taken for, in which case Generosity herself could have asked no more than that he should be allowed to go scot-free for the future.

"I shall be on the hard pan again," mused the Captain. "It's deuced hard lines, as it turns out, that I never learned to swim."

Three hours later, Medhurst, Paul, and Lilla were rolling smoothly along by train towards Monte Carlo, the child surveying her own personal appearance oddly, and being subdued, and perhaps a little frightened, by the fact that she was dressed in mourning. A widow lady staying at the hotel, with a daughter of the child's age, had volunteered to Medhurst to supply a change of dress, and the offer had been

gratefully accepted. The Major was at the hotel to receive them, and was so marvellously recovered from his miseries of the morning that even Medhurst was surprised, though years of intimacy had made him familiar with that transformation. There were very few mornings on which the Major had not a fit of repentance for something or other, and very few evenings on which he had not forgotten his troubles; but his remorse of that morning and his gaiety of that evening were quite phenomenal in comparison with each other.

As has already been related, the Major had been successful again at the tables, and that fact, of course, was of service to him. Beyond that, this was the evening for opening operations in earnest against Paul Jones's millions, and the splendour of his hopes illuminated the Major's spirits.

Medhurst, attributing the amiable brigand's jollity to one cause alone, was all the more sombre and solemn because of it. The partnership, as he knew full well, was not going to win anything from Paul Jones that evening; and even if he had had the best will in the world to exploit his guest there was so little to win that the game would not have been worth the candle. Half-a-dozen times he resolved to take the Major out and tell him all about it, but he put off the evil moment. It would be time enough by-and-by.

Paul and the Major had never been such admirable companions as they were that evening. They told stories against one another, and roared at each other's jokes until the very waiters, to whom their conversation was a foreign mystery, could not refrain from smiling. Medhurst sat very gloomy and silent through it all, until upon a sudden he likewise brightened up.

When the table was cleared it was Medhurst who made the first allusion to the cards.

"Come," said he to Paul, "you must have your revenge."

Paul, nothing loth, drew up to the table, produced his handful of money, and prepared for the combat. The Major was an excellent confederate, but Medhurst was the master spirit of the two, and the Daisy followed his lead with the most implicit confidence. The leader was relieved to see the Major pull out a small handful of gold from his pocket. At least, he thought, there would be a little left to begin the world anew upon.

There was one peculiarity in the game on which Paul Jones had not counted. If he had known it he might, possibly, have decided not to play with these two extremely dexterous gentlemen. The peculiarity was simply that when Medhurst dealt he knew every card Paul and the Major held, and that when the Major dealt he occupied the same position of advantage.

Medhurst dealt the first hand, doling out worthless cards to himself and the Major, and giving Paul a hand of unusual excellence. The Major immediately followed his colleague's tactics. They pleased him well, because they made it evident to him that Medhurst was going to make his great splash that evening, and was simply paving the way to an increase of the stakes. Paul had never had such luck in his life, and he and the Major roared with laughter over one particular deal, when at the conclusion of a hand the cards were exposed. On a sudden, to the Major's intense astonishment, Medhurst pushed back his chair from the table, and arose.

"That will do," he said, "I am out of sorts to-night, and I shall play no more."

"What on earth's the matter with you?" cried the Major.

"I'm out of sorts," said Medhurst, "I shall play no more."

"Oh! very well," said the Major, sulkily. "If you like to break up the party!"

"Yes," said Medhurst; "if you put it that way, I like to break up the party."

But that this was plainly equivalent to a command, the Major would have challenged his supposed millionaire to a single encounter. As it was he left the room grumpily, and Medhurst, resuming his seat at the table, addressed Paul, who was a little astonished at the sudden cessation of play. When Medhurst chose he could be very dignified and suave, and he put on his best manner now.

"I daresay," he began, "that I shall surprise you by what I am going to say, but I shall beg you not to be hurt by it. I am a good deal older than yourself, and, if I may say so without offence, more of a man of the world. My friend, Major De Vere, is one of the richest men in England, and one of the heaviest and most daring gamblers in the world. For example, he lost twenty thousand pounds last night at the tables here, and set everybody talking about his *sangfroid* and the tremendous character of his play. Now, Major De Vere made an odd little mistake about you, which I discovered only yesterday. Do you happen to know that there is a person of your own name now in the Riviera, and, like yourself, an American, who is said to be one of the richest men in the States?"

"I know there is such a man; I didn't know that he was in the Riviera."

"I have met him here," said Medhurst, gravely, "and so have you."

"The dooce I have!" said Paul, staring.

"Unless I am very much mistaken," answered Medhurst, "he is travelling under the name of Morton, and he stayed at the same hotel with us in Paris." At this announcement Paul fell back into his chair and emitted a long whistle of astonishment. "He has probably assumed the name for the sake of privacy. Whatever his motive may be, we are justified in presuming it to be honourable and blameless. And now comes my explanation. When my friend Major De Vere learned yesterday, for the first time, that Mr. Paul Jones the millionaire had stayed in the same hotel with us in Paris, he leaped naturally to the conclusion that you were that fortunate personage, and in his reckless and jovial way, which by this time you know so well, he said to me that here was an opponent worthy of his steel, and that he would have such a game with you as should set the whole confederation of cardplayers in England and America quite agog. I believe," said Medhurst, with an unmoved countenance, "that he has ordered a hundred thousand pounds to be set to his credit here in order that he might meet you. I did not undeceive him, though I had a rather distinct memory of the millionaire, who was pointed out to me at a reception of Mr. Vanderbilt's in New York last year. And now, perhaps, you may see why I stopped the game when Fortune had restored to you something like the sum you had already lost to us. I hoped for that chance to happen; and I will tell my friend De Vere the facts of the case—or will keep them between ourselves, just as you choose."

"Tell him, by all means!" said Paul. "I don't want to pass for a millionaire: I can't afford it!"

"And, will you, my dear Jones," continued Medhurst, with an almost fatherly air, "permit me to offer you a word of advice? Don't gamble. Do Vere and I play high; and for me to preach against gambling is very like the Devil reprobating sin; but our incomes are assured, and our lives are empty of interest. You, with your delightful art and your splendid talents, have a great career before you. Don't run any risk of losing it by getting absorbed in the mad excitement of the gaming-table. I have seen more promising young men ruined in that fashion than I care to say. I need not tell you how

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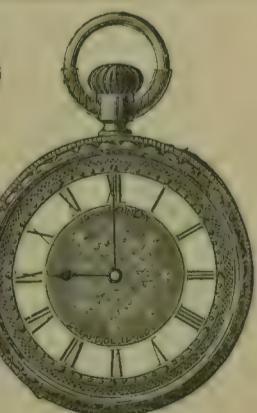
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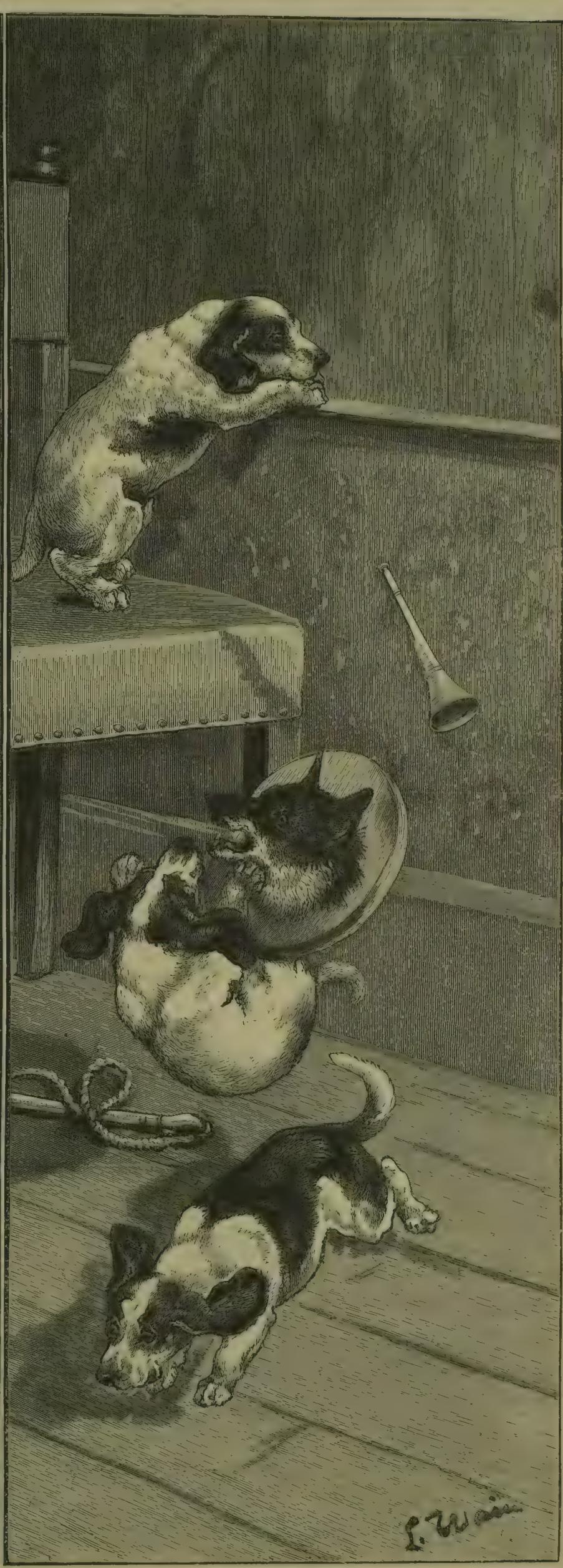
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TALLY-HO !

As three young hounds snuffed round the hall,
One caught a glimpse of Reynard's head,
Placed as a trophy 'gainst the wall;
And so, not knowing it was dead,
True to his breed, he gave a bound,
And brought the fox-head to the ground.



Drawn by Louis Wain.

GONE AWAY !

Yea, down the huntsman's trophy came,
And down his horn came rattling too;
In such a racket small the blame
Young hounds some trepidation knew,
Scared by the sight they yelping fled,
Whom foxes soon will flee with dread.

much the interest I originally felt in you has been deepened by the event of this afternoon."

He had been lying like a Trojan, and I suppose that at his best in these days he was pretty much of a knave, taking him by and large, as the seafaring folk say. But here he was genuinely moved, and his voice stuck in his throat so that he had to "hem" and "ha" considerably before he could make way for it.

"If I could induce you to promise," he went on, "that you would never touch a card again, I should believe myself almost to have repaid you to-day's inestimable service."

The young Paul was easily moved at any time, and both on account of the service he had done, and the kindness he had received, his heart warmed to his adviser.

"That's a bargain, Captain Medhurst," he said, holding out his hand.

"I am very much obliged to you," Medhurst answered, simply, and almost at that moment the Major re-entered.

"I say, Major De Vere," cried Paul, "you'll have to find somebody else to spend that hundred thousand pounds sterling on. It won't come into my pockets."

The Major looked with a transient bewilderment at Medhurst, who telegraphed him by a wink and a nod of the head from behind Paul's shoulder.

"That's a bit of a pity for you, isn't it?" said the Major.

"Well, yes," said Paul. "And it's even a bit more of a pity than it would have been if I'd been the man you took me for."

Medhurst slid in with a smooth explanation, and Paul, catching the humorous side of it and going off into a great shout of laughter, the Major, by an heroic effort, found presence of mind to start another, and being once started he laughed almost hysterically, until he and Paul sat opposite to each other exhausted, and with tears in their eyes.

So the firm's credit was saved, and young Paul was saved, and the confederates were at least no worse off than they had been. But so curiously is the human mind constructed that when the Major heard the story at full he almost worshipped Medhurst for his self-abnegation. There was only one regret in his mind about the whole matter. Captain Medhurst's honour was upon occasion impeached in his hearing, and there were circumstances even in this heroic self-surrender which made it impossible to clear him by relating it.



FINIS.

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Our Coloured Illustrations.

"A DAUGHTER OF EVE."

You brown-eyed beauty, so sedate,
There sitting still, in simple state,
What are you thinking of, I wonder?
What knotty problem do you ponder?
Is it of some tough rule of grammar,
That you into your head would hammer?
Perhaps a sum in Rule-of-three
Just puzzles you as it did me?
Or is it of that dress, span new,
Which dear Mamma has promised you,
For that grand party where you're going?
Whate'er your thoughts, there is no knowing?
What the most simple one may be,
Unless you hand us o'er the key—
Not so secure the secret hid
Within old Cheops' pyramid.
Open your heart for but a minute,
That we may see what's stirring in it.
No feelings there find dwelling place,
I'm sure, save those of tenderest grace;
For don't your features just express
The spirit's inner loveliness?

But though we cannot guess one thought
Within your fancy's meshes caught,
Yet know we what your life will be,
Without the gift of prophecy:
For, being Eve's fair daughter, you
Must feel life's joys and sorrows too.
Yes, you will have strange fluctuations
Of tranquil joys and tribulations;
Despondent moods and hopes elastic,
Grave sober bliss and thoughts fantastic.
Time now with feet of lead will creep,
Anon with soaring pinions sweep.
Thick darkness, like a funeral pall,
At times will gather, blackening all:
And then life's sun, in the ascendant,
Will flash his glorious rays resplendent.

Eve's daughter fair, we wish for you
Friends in abundance, warm and true—
The primest blessing here below,
Save one, that mortals e'er can know;
And may that one be yours as well
When you a few more years can tell;
Enchant some faithful heart, and give
Your own—Love's joy superlative.
Thus blest and blessing, you shall feel
The choicest bliss life can reveal.

JOHN LASH LATEY.

"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO."

"Hark forard! Yoicks! Tally-ho!
This morn a-hunting we will go!"
Thus sang or shouted out young Golder,
With his pet niece upon his shoulder;
And she, transported, waved his whip,
Loud shouting in companionship.
They chatted gaily as they went,
Discussing this and that event;
She from her elevated sphere
Whispering her thanks into his ear.
"Dear Uncle Joe, you are so kind;
You'll spoil me, if you do not mind.
Why that dear pony which you gave—
Only, you said, my neck to save—
It is the sweetest, quietest,
And of all ponies quite the best.
And now you say, when I am grown
You'll give a hunter, all my own,
With which the hounds I then may follow—
Oh, won't I beat Miss Tallant hollow?
I'll take the hedges as I've seen
You clear them on your Beauty Queen.
Oh, thanks, dear Uncle! Will you see
What brother Tom has given me—
Such funny things—a guinea-pig,
That dances oft the queerest jig;
Two hedgehogs, with their prickly hides;
A ferret, and a lot besides?
You can't come now? Well, never mind;
Good-bye! You mustn't be behind.

Oh, there they are, and what a sight!
The men so gay and ladies bright;
And there, at last, comes Uncle Joe—
The very bravest of the show.
They're off: hurrah! with three times three!
Dear Uncle, bring the brush to me!"—J. L. L.

"CHARMING KATE."

A ball-room belle was charming Kate, who took the town by storm; In her first heyday, quite clate, and with affections warm,
She ran the round of youthful joys in gaiety of soul,
And gladly saw her name inscribed on Fashion's muster-roll.
Beaux fluttered round her, so that she could pick and choose at will;
But soon the gay scene palled on her, and left her craving still.
She looked around upon the world, saw the vast misery there,
And soon, by gaiety oppressed, shrank back from Pleasure's glare.
So, throwing off her gay attire, and drest in sober guise,
She seeks the homes of poverty, and many a want supplies;
But most by gentle courtesy of sympathising care,
And tending sick-beds tenderly, she lightens anguish there.
Sweet was the admiration she in ball-rooms gained before,
But sweeter far the reverent love of her devoted poor.—J. L. L.

MAPLE & CO.

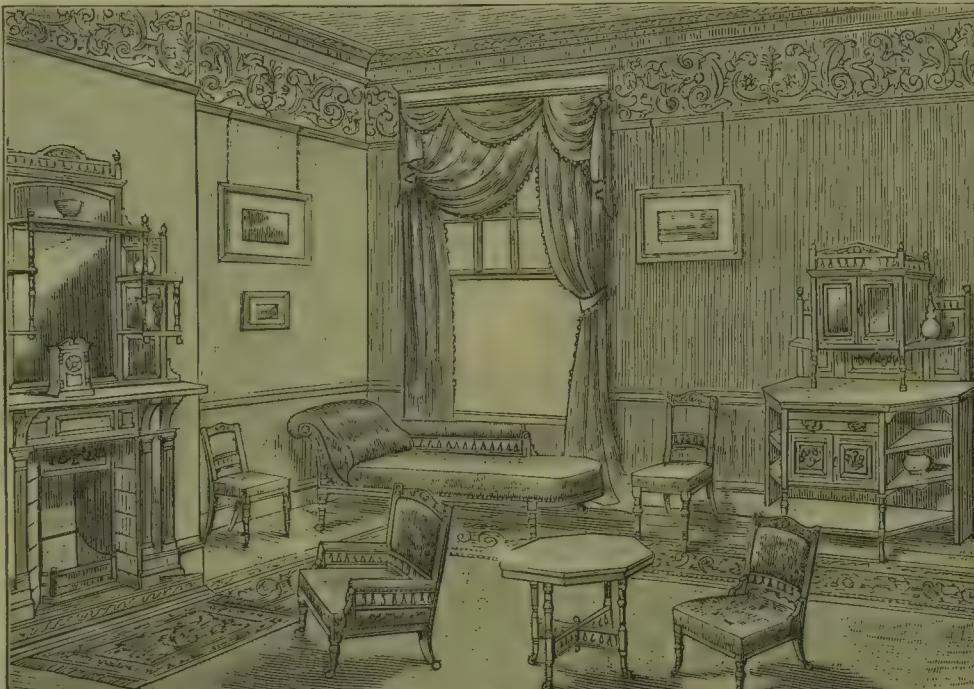
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SPECIMEN DINING-ROOMS.

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The only Guaranteed Genuine Galvanic Curative Appliance recommended by the Leading Medical and Scientific Authorities.

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"BETTER IN EVERY WAY." CONSTIPATION & LADIES' AILMENTS.—"Portmore House, Weybridge.—Dear Sir.—Since wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt my health has been better in every way, and I would not like to be without it. Before I wore the Belt I suffered such pain every month from my waist to the knees, which often went to my head and affected my eyesight for a little time; but I am happy to say these pains have never returned. I tried all sorts of medicine, with no good results, but from wearing your Electropathic Belt I am now in the best of health, and cannot thank you too much for it.—Yours truly, H. JONES."

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PARALYSIS.—ROBERT ROTHWELL, Esq., 9, Cooke-st, Hulme, Manchester, June 8, 1888, writes:—"The Electropathic Belt my father purchased for loss of nerve power and paralysis has made a new man of him, and it was only the other day that he told me he would have been in his grave long ago if it had not been for your valuable Electropathic treatment."

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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take, 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1858. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

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Good Cheer!

No Christmas Festivities are complete without the delightful thirst-quenching

MONTSEERRATTRADE
MARK.**PURE LIME-FRUIT JUICE.**

It can be had everywhere, in Imperial Quarts and Pints, can be diluted and sweetened to taste, and is far stronger than any other. See name of Sole Consignees, EVANS, SONS, and CO., on the capsule and label of each Bottle.

The "Lancet" says:—"We counsel the public to drink their Lime-Juice, a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol. We have subjected the samples of the 'Lime-Fruit Juice' of the Montserrat Company to a full analysis, with a view to test its quality and purity. We have found it to be in SOUND CONDITION, and ENTIRELY FREE FROM ADULTERATION."

HARD FACTS.

Every advertised article is not a fraud and a delusion. Thousands of Patients gratefully remember the day they saw our advertisement, and gave the natural and rational system of ELECTROPATHY a trial.

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The few Testimonials in favour of Electropathy published hereewith are not written to—they are from utter strangers, and are taken indiscriminately from thousands of unsolicited reports received, which may be seen by anyone interested at Mr. C. B. HARNESS' Consulting Rooms, 52, OXFORD-STREET, London, W.

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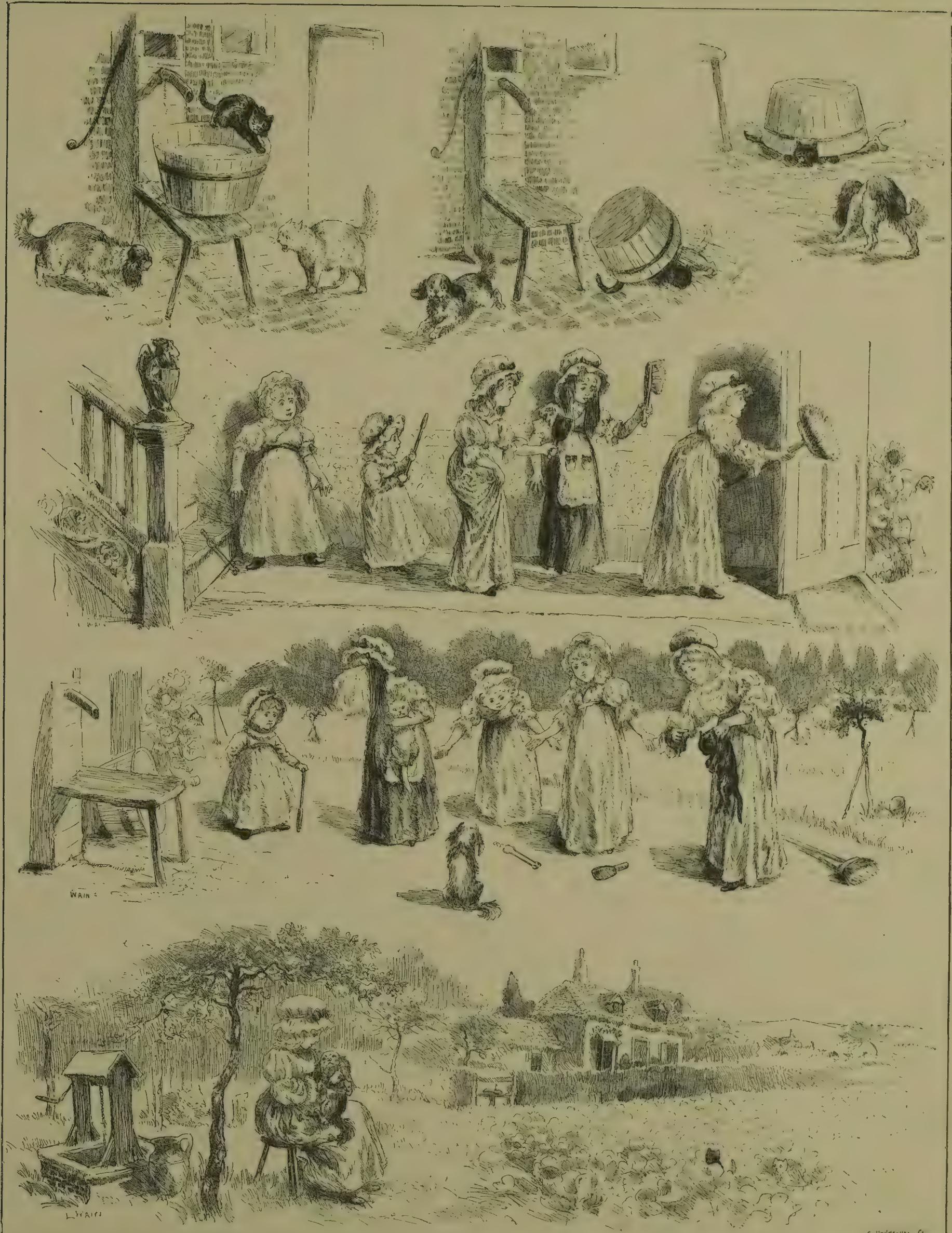
52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W. (CORNER OF RATHBONE-PLACE.)

To Beecham or not to Beecham?
That is the question:
they are

Methinks I've heard
WORTH A GUINEA
A BOX.



(With apologies to our greatest Poet, and our most renowned Actor.)



O the barking and the mewing!
Some dire mischief sure is brewing.
Five fair girls go to find out
What the hubbub is about;
Armed with household weapons, they
Grope with fear their trembling way.

A DOMESTIC TROUBLE.

Drawn by Louis Wain.

Stops at once the running fight
As the maidens come in sight,
First the doggie has a scolding,
While two girls the cats are holding;
Then one maid, the rest departed,
Nurses doggie, broken-hearted.

CHRISTMAS VOICES.

That "roar of voices" which goes up from our mighty metropolis with so tremendous a sound has in it nothing so profoundly impressive to the mind as those more various and significant voices which break in upon the solitude of the thinker as he sits, alone, by the Christmas fire. It was well that the Christian Church, by seizing on the pagan festival, and consecrating it with a new and holy interest which its members could not but joyfully recognise, provided us with an opportunity of resting from our sordid pursuits—from "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the struggling, grasping world—and thus of taking stock, as it were, of the things of the past; for these pauses in the battle of life, when for ever so brief an interval the clang of the chariots and the contentions of the armed men cease from the land, must needs refresh and invigorate the soul, and keep alive in it those purer sensibilities, those higher impulses, which might otherwise desert us altogether, as the fragrance fades from the flower which is shut up always in the darkness. Are not all of us the better for the voyages which Memory on such occasions makes across the gulf of the years, bringing back from the shores that are constantly receding further and further from us much happy spoil and treasures of the days gone by? But it is then, too, that the voices swell tumultuously, as it were, upon the breeze, and haunt us in our still and solitary hours. To those who have reached the term of middle age—whose lives lie mainly in the past, it is, indeed and in truth, "a roar of voices!" How numerous they are—how conflicting, how varied in their tones—how diversified in their meaning! Listen, listen, to them with patience and fortitude, and you may separate and distinguish each from the other; for no two are alike—the refrain is never, never the same.

Can you not, for instance, single out the voices of those bright ambitions which filled your youth with their radiant illusions? Those bold, buoyant ambitions which went forth so cheerily into the future, and counted so securely on accomplishing their aims? And those golden hopes, which floated before your enchanted vision as thick as the motes i' the sunbeam, rising gaily above the mean earth, like Ariosto's hippocriff, that great and marvellous bird (*grande e strano augello*) into "the higher regions"—can you not hear the doleful voices which remind you of their speedy disappointment? The sound is like that of moaning waves round shattered wrecks, cruel waves that toss to and fro the broken spars to which despairing castaways no longer cling. Alas! you sigh, as you hearken; you sigh over that unfulfilled promise, over that crop of thistles—*spem mentita seges*, as Horace puts it—the barren harvest which so cruelly falsified your expectations! And next your straining ear catches the sorrowful voices which breathe the dirge of parted friendships; and the sweeter, tenderer, though sadder, voices which come from the graves of those you have loved and lost—lost only for a while, however, as Faith whispers in tones of consolation—the father, the mother, the sister, or, perhaps, the wife whom you treasured as "the other half of your soul," the complement of your being, the light and joy of your existence; or, it may be, the fair young girl who was snatched from your fond embrace even before the orange-blossoms had been woven in her bridal wreath. These are voices which, perhaps, are never wholly absent from you; but in the Christmas time they seem, I think, to draw closer, and to thrill us with a deeper consciousness, as if some beloved presence were mysteriously watching and waiting by our side—as if we felt the passing touch of angel-

wings. And they travel to us from afar, those sweet, sad, tender voices! The chances and changes of life separate us from the scenes of our early years; separate us from the graves in which we have buried so much that was nearest and dearest and most precious; but no distance can keep back the voices of love and affection when the heart, touched by the magic of immortal memories, is prepared to open to them.

Sometimes with the Christmas voices mingle a glad noise of laughter; for, happily, life is not all made up of partings and passions, of disappointments and failures. It has its moments—and, thank God, there are many of them!—its moments of happiness, when skies are blue, and birds sing on the bough, and our human sympathies are kindled into quick life by the ecstasy of the sunshine. So the holidays of life send their mirthful voices to blend with the deeper and more serious sounds that compose, in our later age, the burden of our Christmas song. The blithe voices of our school-days, of our merry-makings, of our early Christmases; and then the voices of the bright hopeful days of our young manhood; the lively echoes of the crowded theatre; the strains that floated round gay ball-rooms; the jests of the masquers and the mummers; the lilt of the old, old songs and the rhythm of the favourite dance—all these voices of frank cheerfulness and innocent gaiety enliven us with a sudden sense of enjoyment.

But it may be that voices of ominous import will insist upon blurring this felicitous harmony with their pitiful discords; the follies of the past, its errors and its sins—the recollections of wrong said and thought and done—these, in the Christmas silence, you cannot stifle. Sharp and clear, their accusing accents pierce the heart, awakening there the keen pangs of regret, and, let us hope, of repentance. These are voices which surely none of us can hear unmoved; their echoes seem to reverberate round about, like thunder among the mountains, and to roll onward into the awful spaces of eternity. As we sow, my friend, so must we reap. They are voices of our own making; and it is part of our punishment that they should break through our everyday indifference, and, in our sessions of silent thought, compel us to hear them, and to ponder over the tales they tell. Hushed into oblivion they will not be; like the ghost of murdered Banquo they suddenly start up to affright us; but, at least, we may learn to bear their solemn reproaches with resignation by lifting up our hearts to the lofty voices of sweet promise which ring out from the sanctuary, and bear a comforting assurance of the measurelessness of the Divine love!

Of all the Christmas voices audible now—he that hath ears to hear, let him hear!—it is difficult to compute the sum; but I fancy that many of us will not least eagerly welcome those which descend, "like showers of golden rain," from the heights where sit enthroned the master minstrels and the famous singing-men; the bland, deep, universal tones of Shakespeare; the solemn organ-notes of Milton; the grave, full harmonies of Dante; the intense fervent strains of Calderon; and Spenser's subtly melodious song. With these we may gather up the passion and the pathos, the grandeur and the awe and the devotion of the kings of music from Purcell to Beethoven; the simple, unpretending strains of the carol singers; the silver-sounding chimes of the Christmas bells; the pure, sweet hymns of the children—for all are part and parcel of the Christmas-time, and help to swell the volume of our Christmas voices.

To the young, the voices of the Christmas are neither so numerous nor so full of emotion. Their contact with life has been so limited; they have seen so little and felt so little; they stand as yet upon the threshold only of the battlefield;

they can scarcely hear the ring of contending weapons, nor the sounds of anger and strife, and breathless, rapid action—their ways have been ways of pleasantness, and their paths have been paths of peace. The voice of hope is theirs, joyous and fresh as the lark's song in the azure solitudes of heaven; the voice of young ambition, defiant and exultant, like the sound of a trumpet; the voice of high endeavour, ringing as clearly and as blithely as a clarion! Ah, happy, happy youth! No sad voices from the graveyard, no accusing voices from the scenes of folly, no melancholy voices of failure and disappointment, mar for you the sweetness of the Christmas music. If you did but know for how much you have to be grateful! If you did but know all the opportunities of the days which are gliding by so swiftly! Ah, me! why does experience teach us its bitter lessons when it is too late for us to profit by them? The young mother, the young husband, the young lover, the young scholar, the young adventurer, what glorious voices ring in their charmed ears as the light from the Yule log flickers over their happy faces; and how little they think of those more solemn voices which the years must bring to them as to all the sons and daughters of men! But for both young and old there are other voices to which, while the merry Christmas bells are clashing from spire and steeple, we must not refuse to listen—the wail, the lament of the poor and suffering; the sighs of the half-starved outcast; the groans of those who have gone down in the battle, and are lying on the lost field, bleeding from many wounds. The poor, it is true, are always with us; but surely the cry of Poverty comes upon the ear with the sharpest force when we feel its contrast to the laughter and song and jest of the Christmas of the well-to-do. Let us not be deaf, my friends, to those sorrowful, sorrowing voices! Each, in his degree and measure, can do something towards lessening their exceeding bitterness. Each one of us, perhaps, can bind up the wounds of at least one unfortunate straggler, and carry a word of consolation and hope to at least one aching heart. And as we give of what we have to those who have not, I can imagine that the Christmas voices which tell of gloom, and pain, and death will be overpassed by the cheerfuller voices which breathe the strains of faith and hope, and that high above them all will rise once more the celestial music of those angel-voices, which of old pealed, strong and clear, through the "starry silences" their message of eternal love—"Glory to God on high; on earth peace, and goodwill among men."

W. H. D.A.

POSTAGE OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

INLAND.

By Parcel Post, Threepence; by Book Post, Fourpence.

ABROAD.

For the whole of Europe, Baghdad, Beyrouth, Canada, Egypt, Jerusalem, Morocco, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Persia, Smyrna, Syria, Tahiti, and the United States of America: Fourpence.

For Aden, Argentine, Bermudas, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, British Guiana, Cape Coast Castle, Ceylon, Chili, China, Columbia, Ecuador, Gambia, Guatemala, Hawaiian Islands, Honduras, Japan, Java, Lagos, Mauritius, Mexico, Penang, Peru, Sierra Leone, Surinam, Uruguay, Venezuela, and the West India Islands: Eightpence.

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For Australia, Fiji, New Zealand, and Tasmania: One Shilling and Fourpence.

For Bechuanaland: One Shilling and Eightpence.

For countries in the Postal Union the Number must be packed so as not to exceed eighteen inches in length; for other countries, a length of two feet is a "low".

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed—"The Verdict

of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil."—

Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. Palmer, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

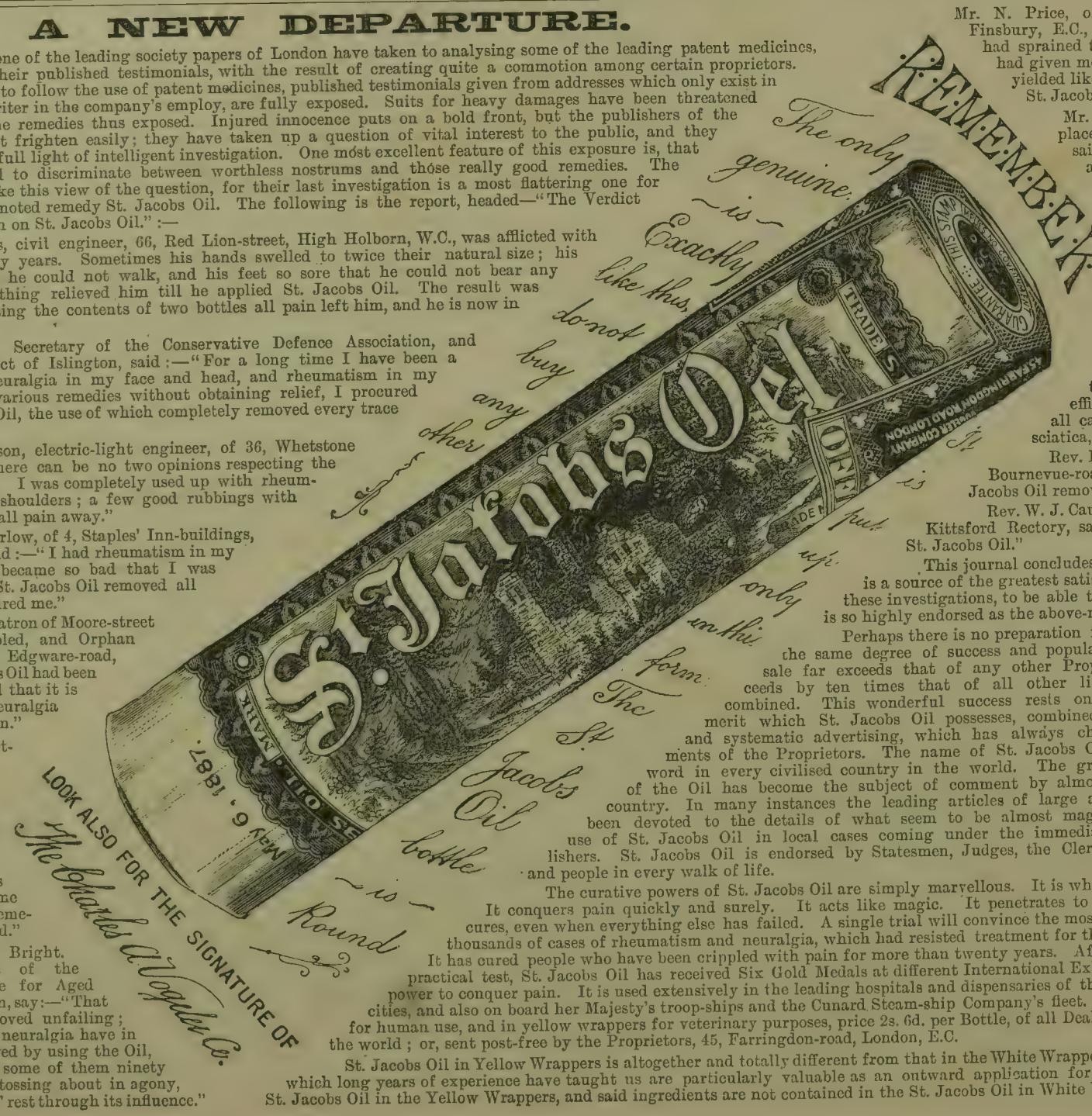
Mr. Edward Peterson, electric-light engineer, of 36, Whetstone Park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. Henry John Barlow, of 4, Staples' Inn-buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

Mrs. Wolfsberger, matron of Moore-street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen-street, Edgware-road, said:—"That St. Jacobs Oil had been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. Charles Cartwright, of No. 7, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

Henry and Ann Bright, hon. superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."



MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW WORK,

THE MOST IMPORTANT YET PUBLISHED,

ENTITLED

CLEOPATRA:

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own hand
on the papyrus rolls found in the mummy-cloths wherewith he was wound about,

WILL BE COMMENCED IN THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

JANUARY 5, 1889.

AND WILL BE CONTINUED WEEKLY UNTIL COMPLETED.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

The following is a portion of the first week's issue:—

INTRODUCTION.



the recesses of the desolate Libyan mountains that lie behind the temple and city of Abydos, the supposed burying-place of the Holy Osiris, a tomb was recently discovered, among the contents of which were the papyrus rolls containing this history. The tomb itself is spacious, but otherwise remarkable only for the depth of the shaft which descends vertically from the rock-hewn cave, that once served as the mortuary chapel of the friends and relatives of the departed, to the coffin-chamber beneath. This shaft is no less than eighty-nine feet in depth. The chamber at its foot was found to contain three coffins only, though it is large enough for many more. Two of these, which in all probability inclosed the bodies of the High Priest, Amenemhat, and of his wife, father and mother of Harmachis, the hero of this history, the shameless Arabs who discovered them there and then broke up.

The Arabs broke the bodies up. With unhallowed hands they tore the holy Amenemhat and the frame of her who had, as it is written, been filled with the spirit of the Hathors—tore them limb from limb, searching for treasure amidst their bones—perhaps, as is their custom, selling the very bones for a few piastres to the last ignorant tourist who came their way, seeking what he might destroy. For in Egypt the accursed, the living find their bread in the tombs of the great men who were before them.

But, as it chanced, some little while afterwards, one who is known to this writer, and a doctor by profession, passed up the Nile to Abydos, and became acquainted with the men who had done this thing. They revealed to him the secret of the place, telling him that one coffin yet remained entombed. It seemed to be the coffin of a poor person, they said, and therefore, being pressed for time, they had left it unviolated. Moved by curiosity to explore the recesses of a tomb as yet unprofaned by tourists, my friend bribed the Arabs to reveal its secret to him. What ensued I will give in his own words, exactly as he wrote it to me:—

I slept that night near the Temple of Seti, and started before daybreak on the following morning. With me were a cross-eyed rascal called Ali—Ali Baba I named him—the man from whom I got the ring which I am sending you, and a small but choice assortment of his fellow-thieves. Within an hour after sunrise we reached the valley where the tomb is. It is a desolate place, into which the sun pours his scorching heat all the long day through, till the huge brown boulders which are strewn about become so hot that one can

scarcely bear to touch them, and the sand scorches the feet. We rode on donkeys, for it was already too hot to walk, some way up the valley—where a vulture floating far in the blue overhead was the only other visitor—till we came to an enormous boulder polished by centuries of the action of sun and sand. Here Ali halted, saying that the tomb was under the stone. Accordingly we dismounted, and, leaving the donkeys in charge of a fellah boy, went up to the rock. Beneath it was a small hole, barely large enough for a man to creep through; indeed, it had been dug by jackals, for the doorway and some part of the cave were entirely silted up, and it was by means of this jackal hole that the tomb had been discovered. Ali crept in on his hands and knees, and I followed, to find myself in a place cold after the hot outside air, and, in contrast with the light, filled with a dazzling darkness. We lit our candles, and the select body of thieves having arrived, I made an examination. We were in a cave the size of a large room, and hollowed by hand, the further part of the cave being almost free from drift-dust. On the walls are religious paintings of the usual Ptolemaic character, and among them one of a majestic old man with a long white beard, who is seated in a carved chair holding a wand in his hand. Before him are passing a procession of priests bearing sacred images.* In the far corner of the tomb on the right hand from the door is the shaft of the mummy-pit, a great square-mouthed well cut in the black rock. We had brought a beam of thorn-wood, and this was now laid across the pit and a rope made fast to it. Then Ali—who, to do him justice, is a courageous thief—took hold of the rope, and, putting some candles into the breast of his robe, placed his bare feet against the smooth sides of the well, and began to descend with great rapidity. Very soon he had vanished into the blackness, and the agitation of the rope alone told us that anything was going on below. At last the rope ceased shaking, and a faint shout came rumbling up the well, announcing Ali's safe arrival. Then, far below, a tiny star of light appeared. He had lit the candle, thereby disturbing hundreds of bats that fluttered up in an endless stream and as silently as spirits. The rope was hauled up again, and now it was my turn; but, as I declined to trust my neck to the hand-over-hand method of descent, the end of the cord was made fast round my middle, and I was lowered bodily into those sacred depths. Nor was it a pleasant journey, for if the masters of the situation above had made any mistake I should have been dashed to pieces. Also, the bats continually flew into my face and clung to my hair, and I had a great dislike of bats. At last, after some minutes of jerking and dangling, I found myself standing in a narrow passage by the side of the worthy Ali, covered with bats and perspiration, and with the skin rubbed off my knees and knuckles. Then another man came down, hand over hand, like a sailor, and as the rest were going to stop above we were ready to go on. Ali went first with his candle—of course we each had a candle—leading the way down a long passage about five feet high. At length the passage widened out and we were in the tomb-chamber: I think the hottest and most silent place that I

ever entered. It was simply stifling. This tomb-chamber is a square room cut in the rock and totally devoid of paintings or sculpture. I held up the candles and looked round. About the place were strewn the coffin-lids and the mummied remains of the two bodies that the Arabs had previously violated. The paintings on the former were, I noticed, of great beauty, though, having no knowledge of hieroglyphics, I could not decipher them. Beads and spicy wrappings lay around the remains, which, I saw, were those of a man and a woman.† The head had been broken off the body of the man. I took it up and looked at it. It had been closely shaved, after death, I should say, from the general indications, and the features were disfigured with gold leaf. But, notwithstanding this, and the shrinkage of the flesh, I think the face was one of the most imposing and beautiful that I ever saw. It was that of a very old man, and his dead countenance still wore so calm and solemn, indeed, so awful a look, that I grew quite superstitious (though, as you know, I am pretty well accustomed to dead people), and put the head down in a hurry. There were still some wrappings left upon the face of the second body, and I did not remove them; but she must have been a fine large woman in her day.

"There the other mummy," said Ali, pointing to a large and solid case that had the appearance of having been carelessly thrown down in a corner, for it was lying on its side.

I went up to it and examined it. It was well made, but of perfectly plain cedar-wood—not an inscription, not a solitary god on it.

"Never see one like him before," said Ali. "Bury great hurry, he no 'mafis,' no 'fineesh.' Throw him down there on side."

I looked at the plain case till at last my interest was thoroughly aroused. I had been so shocked by the sight of the scattered dust of the departed that I had made up my mind not to touch the remaining coffin—but now my curiosity overcame me and we set to work.

Ali had brought a mallet and a cold chisel with him, and having set the coffin straight he began upon it with all the zeal of an experienced tomb-breaker. And then he pointed out another thing. Most mummy cases are fastened by four little tongues of wood, two on either side, which are fixed in the upper half, and, passing into mortices cut to receive them in the thickness of the lower half, are there held fast by pegs of hard wood. But this mummy-case had eight such tongues. Evidently it had been thought well to secure it firmly. At last, with great difficulty, we raised the massive lid, which was nearly three inches thick, and there, covered over with a deep layer of loose spices (a very unusual thing), was the body.

Ali looked at it with open eyes—and no wonder. For this mummy was not as other mummies are. Mummies in general lie upon their backs, as stiff and calm as though they were cut from wood; but this mummy lay upon its side, and, the wrappings notwithstanding, its knees were slightly bent. More than that, indeed, the gold mask, which, after the fashion of the Ptolemaic period, had been set upon the face, had

* This, I take it, is a portrait of Amenemhat himself.—EDITOR.

† Doubtless Amenemhat and his wife.—ED.

worked down, and was literally pounded up beneath the hooded head.

It was impossible, seeing these things, to avoid the conclusion that the mummy before us had moved with violence *since it was put in the coffin*.

"Him very funny mummy. Him not 'mafis' when him go in there," said Ali.

"Nonsense!" I said. "Who ever heard of a live mummy?"

We lifted the body out of the coffin, nearly choking ourselves with mummy dust in the process, and there beneath it, half hidden among the spices, we made our first find. It was a roll of papyrus, carelessly fastened and wrapped in a piece of mummy cloth, having to all appearance been thrown into the coffin at the moment of closing.*

Ali eyed the papyrus greedily, but I seized it and put it in my pocket, for it was agreed that I was to have all that might be discovered. Then we began to unwrap the body. It was covered with very broad strong bandages, thickly wound and roughly tied, sometimes by means of simple knots, the whole work bearing the appearance of having been executed in great haste and with difficulty. Just over the head was a large lump. Presently, the bandages covering it were off, and there, on the face, lay a second roll of papyrus. I put down my hand to lift it, but it would not come away. It appeared to be fixed to the stout seamless shroud which was drawn over the whole body and tied beneath the feet—as a farmer ties sacks. This shroud, which was also thickly waxed, was in one piece, being made to fit the form like a garment. I took a candle and examined the roll, and then I saw why it was fast. The spices had congealed and glued it to the sacklike shroud. It was impossible to get it away without tearing the outer sheets of papyrus.†

At last, however, I wrenched it loose and put it with the other in my pocket.

Then in silence we went on with our dreadful task. With much care we ripped loose the sacklike garment, and at last the body of a man lay before us. Between his knees was a third roll of papyrus. I secured it, and then held down the lights and looked at him. Being a doctor, one glance at his face was enough to tell me how he had died.

This body was not so much dried up as are those that have passed the allotted seventy days in natron, which it evidently had not, and therefore the expression and likeness were better preserved than is usual. Without entering into particulars, I will only say that I hope I shall never see such another look as that which was frozen on this dead man's face. Even the Arabs recoiled from it in horror and began to mutter prayers.

For the rest, the usual opening on the left side through which the embalmers did their work was absent; the finely-cut features were those of a person of middle age, although the hair was already grey, and the frame that of a very powerful man, the shoulders being of an extraordinary width. I had not time to examine very closely, however, for within a few seconds from the time of its uncovering, the body, being unembalmed, now that it was exposed to the action of the air, began to crumble. In five or six minutes there was literally nothing left of it but a wisp of hair, the skull, and a few of the larger bones. I noticed that one of the tibiae—I forgot if it was the right or the left—had been fractured and very badly set. It must have been quite an inch shorter than the other.

Well, there was nothing more to find, and now that the excitement was over, what between the heat, the exertion, and the smell of mummy dust and spices, I felt more dead than alive.

I am tired of writing, and the ship rolls. This letter, of course, goes overland, and I am coming by "long sea," but I hope to be in London within ten days after you get it. Then I will tell you of my pleasing experiences in the course of the ascent from the tomb-chamber, and of how that prince of rascals, Ali Baba, and his thieves tried to frighten me into handing over the papyri, and how I worsted them. Then, too, we will get the rolls deciphered. I expect that they only contain the usual thing, copies of the Book of the Dead, but there *may* be something else in them. Needless to say, I did not narrate this little adventure in Egypt, as I should have had the Boulac Museum people on my track. Good-bye, "Mafish Fineesh," as Ali Baba always said.

In due course, my friend, the writer of the letter from which I have quoted, arrived in London, and on the very next day we paid a visit to a mutual acquaintance well versed in hieroglyphics and demotic writing. With what anxiety we watched him skilfully damping and unfolding one of the rolls, and peering through his gold-rimmed glasses at the mysterious characters, may well be imagined.

"Hum," he said, "whatever it is, this is *not* a copy of the 'Book of the Dead.' By George, what's this? Cle—Cleo—Cleopatra—Why, my dear Sirs, as I am a living man, this is the history of somebody who lived in the days of Cleopatra! Well, there's six months' work before me here—six months', at the very least!" And in that joyful prospect he fairly lost control of himself, and skipped about the room, shaking hands with us at intervals, and saying, "I'll translate—

I'll translate it if it kills me, and we will publish it; and, by the living Osiris, it will take the town—and drive every Egyptologist in Europe mad with envy! Oh, what a find! what a most glorious find!"

And O you whose eyes shall fall upon these pages, see, they have been translated, and they have been printed, and here they lie before you—an undiscovered land wherein you are free to travel!

Harmachis speaks to you from his forgotten tomb. The walls of Time fall down, and, as at the lightning's leap, a picture from the past starts sudden on your view, framed in the gathered darkness of the ages.

He shows you those two Egypts that the silent pyramids looked down upon long centuries ago—the Egypt of the Greek, the Roman, and the Ptolemy, and that other outworn Egypt of the Hierophant, hoary with years, heavy with the legends of antiquity and the memory of long-lost honours.

He tells you how the smouldering loyalty of Khem (Egypt) burnt up before it died, and how fiercely the old Time-consecrated Faith struggled against the conquering tide of the New Idea, that, drawn ever by the mystery of Mind, rose, like the Nile at flood, and drowned the ancient gods of Egypt.

Here, in his pages, you shall learn the glory of Isis the Many-shaped, the Executor of Decrees. Here you shall make acquaintance with Cleopatra, that "Thing of Flame" whose passion-breathing beauty shaped the destiny of Empires, and read how the soul of Charmion was slain of the sword her vengeance smiteth.

Here Harmachis, the doomed Egyptian, being about to die, salutes you who follow on the path he trod. In the story of his broken years he shows to you what may in its own degree be the story of your own. Crying aloud from that dim Amenti where to-day he wears out his long atoning time, he, in the history of his fall, most eloquently tells the fate of him who, however sorely tried, forgets his God, his honour, and his country.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE BIRTH OF HARMACHIS; THE PROPHECY OF THE HATHORS; AND THE SLAYING OF THE INNOCENT CHILD.

By him who sleeps at Abouthis, I write the truth. I, Harmachis, hereditary priest of the Temple, reared by the divine Sethi, aforetime a Pharaoh of Egypt, and now justified in Osiris and ruling in Amenti. I, Harmachis, by right Divine and by true descent of blood King of the Double Crown, and Pharaoh of the Upper and Lower Land. I, Harmachis, who cast aside the opening flower of our hope, who turned him from the glorious path, who forgot the voice of God in hearkening to the voice of woman. I, Harmachis, the fallen, in whom are gathered up all woes as the waters are gathered in a desert well, who have tasted of every shame, who by betrayal have betrayed, who in losing the glory that is here have lost of the glory that is there, who am utterly undone and rent by miserable remorse—I write, and, by him who sleeps at Abouthis, I write the truth.

O Egypt! Egypt!—dear land of Khem, whose black soil nourished up my mortal part—land that I have betrayed—O ye Gods!—Osiris!—Isis!—Horus!—ye Gods of Egypt whom I have betrayed!—O ye temples whose pylons strike the sky; ye temples whose faith I have betrayed!—O Royal blood of the Pharaohs of Eld, that yet runs within these withered veins—whose virtue I have betrayed!—O Right divine of Kings betrayed by me!—O Father Sihor (Nile)!—O Invisible Essence of all Good! and O Fate, whose balance rested on my head—hear me! and, to the last day of utter doom, bear me witness that I write the truth.

What, then, is a man? He is a feather, but a feather blown by the wind. He is a fire, but a fire born of the fuel. He is a spirit, but a spirit having wings wherewith to sail to either destiny. He may choose the good, and on him doth rest the evil that he does. He is the helm unto the boat of Fate; he is the shadow that goes before the sword; he is the dream that presages the truth. There is no chance; for man in his circumstance doth direct the chance, and as with a stylus doth map upon the tablet of the world the thing that he caused to be. So hath the Invisible decreed, and so for ever to ever shall it be. And woe to him who faileth!

* * * * *

Even as I write, beyond the fertile fields, the Nile is running red, as though with blood. Bright before me strikes the light upon the far Arabian hills, and bright it falls upon the piles of Abouthis. At Abouthis, within the temples, still do the priests make orison, but they know me no more; still the sacrifice is offered, and the stony roofs echo down the prayers of those who pray. Still from here, from this lone cell within my prison-tower, I, the Word of Shame, watch thy fluttering banners, O Abouthis, flaunting from thy pylon walls, and hear the chants as the long procession winds from sanctuary to sanctuary.

O Abouthis, lost Abouthis! my heart goes out toward thee! For the day comes when the desert sands shall fill thy Holy places! Thy Gods are doomed, O Abouthis! New faiths shall make a mock of all thy Heliopolis, and centurion shall call unto centurion across thy fortress-walls. I weep—I weep tears of blood: for mine is the weakness that brought about these evils and mine for ever is their shame.

Behold, it is written hereafter:—

Here in Abouthis was I born, I, Harmachis, and my father, the justified in Osiris, was High Priest of the Temple of Sethi. And on that same day of my birth was born also Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt. In those fields I passed my youth watching the baser people at their labours and going in and out at will among the great courts of the temples. Of my mother I knew naught, for she died when I yet hung at the breast. But ere she died, so the old wife, Atoua, told to me, she took from a coffer of ivory an uraeus‡ of pure gold and laid it on my infant brow. And those who saw her do this thing believed that she was distraught of the Divinity, and that in her madness she foreshadowed that the day of the Macedonian Lagide was ended—for Ptolemy Auletes (the Piper) then wore the double crown—and that Egypt's sceptre should once again pass to the hand of one of Egypt's true and Royal race. But when my father, the High Priest Amenemhat, who even then was full of years, for I was his only child and the child of his age, she who was his wife before my mother having been, for what crime I know not, cursed by Sekhet with the curse of barrenness; I say when my father came in and saw what the dying woman had done, he lifted up his hands towards the vault of heaven and adored the Invisible, because of the sign that had been sent. And even as he adored, behold! the Hathors filled my dying mother with the Spirit of Prophecy, and she rose in strength from the couch and thrice prostrated herself before the cradle where I lay asleep, the Royal asp upon my brow, and cried aloud—

"Hail to thee, fruit of my womb! Hail to thee, Royal child! Hail to that Pharaoh that shall be! Hail to thee, God that shall purge the land, Divine seed of Nekt-nebf, the Osirian.§ Keep thou pure, and thou shalt rule and deliver Egypt and not be broken. But if in the hour of trial thou dost fail, then may the curse of all the Gods of Egypt rest upon thee, and the curse of thy Royal forefathers, the justified, who ruled the land before thee, even from the age of Horus; then in life mayest thou be wretched, and after death may Osiris refuse thee, and the judges of Amenti give judgment against thee, and Set and Sekhet torment thee, even till such time as thy sin is purged, and the Gods of Egypt, called by strange names, once more are worshipped in the Temples of Egypt, and the staff of the Oppressor is broken, and the footsteps of the foreigner are swept clean, and the thing is accomplished as thou in thy weakness shalt cause it to be done."

And when she had spoken thus, the Spirit of Prophecy went out of her, and she fell dead across the cradle where I slept, so that I awoke with a cry.

But my father, Amenemhat, the High Priest, trembled, and was very fearful both because of the words which had been said by the Spirit of the Hathors through the mouth of my mother, and because what had been uttered was treason against Ptolemy. For he knew that if the matter should come to the ears of Ptolemy, Pharaoh would send his guards to destroy the life of the child of whom such things were prophesied. Therefore, my father shut the doors, and caused all those who were there to swear upon the holy symbol of his office, and by the name of the Divine Three, and by the soul of her who lay dead upon the stones beside them, that naught of what they had seen and heard should pass their lips.

But among the company was the old wife, Atoua, who had been the nurse of my mother, and loved her well; and in these days, though I know not how it hath been in the past, nor how it shall be in the future, there is no oath that can bind a woman's tongue. And so it came about, that, by-and-by, when the matter had become homely in her mind, and her fear had fallen from her, she spoke of the prophecy to her daughter, who nursed me at the breast now that my mother was dead, as they walked together in the desert carrying food to the husband of the daughter, who was a sculptor; and shaped the pictures of the holy Gods in the tombs that are fashioned in the rock—telling the daughter, my nurse, how great should be her care and love toward the child that should one day be Pharaoh, and drive the Ptolemies from Egypt. But the daughter, my nurse, was so filled with wonder at what she heard that she could not keep the tale locked within her breast, and in the night she awoke her husband, and, in her turn, whispered of it to him, and thereby compassed her own destruction, and the destruction of her child, my foster-brother. For the man told his friend, and the friend was a spy of Ptolemy's, and thus the tale came to Pharaoh's ears. And Pharaoh was much troubled thereat, for though when he was full of wine he would make a mock of the Gods of the Egyptians, and swear that the Roman Senate was the only God to whom he bowed the knee, yet in his heart was he terribly afraid, as I have learned from one who was his physician: for when he was alone at night he would scream and cry aloud to the great Serapis, who indeed is no true God, and to other Gods, fearing lest he should be murdered and his soul handed over to the tormentors. Also, when he felt his throne tremble under him, he would send large presents to the temples, and ask a message from the oracles, and more especially from the oracle that is at Philae. Therefore, when it came to his ears that the wife of the High Priest

* This roll contained the third unfinished book of the history. The other two rolls were neatly fastened in the usual fashion. All three are written by one hand in the demotic character.—ED.

† This accounts for the gaps in the last sheets of the second roll.—ED.

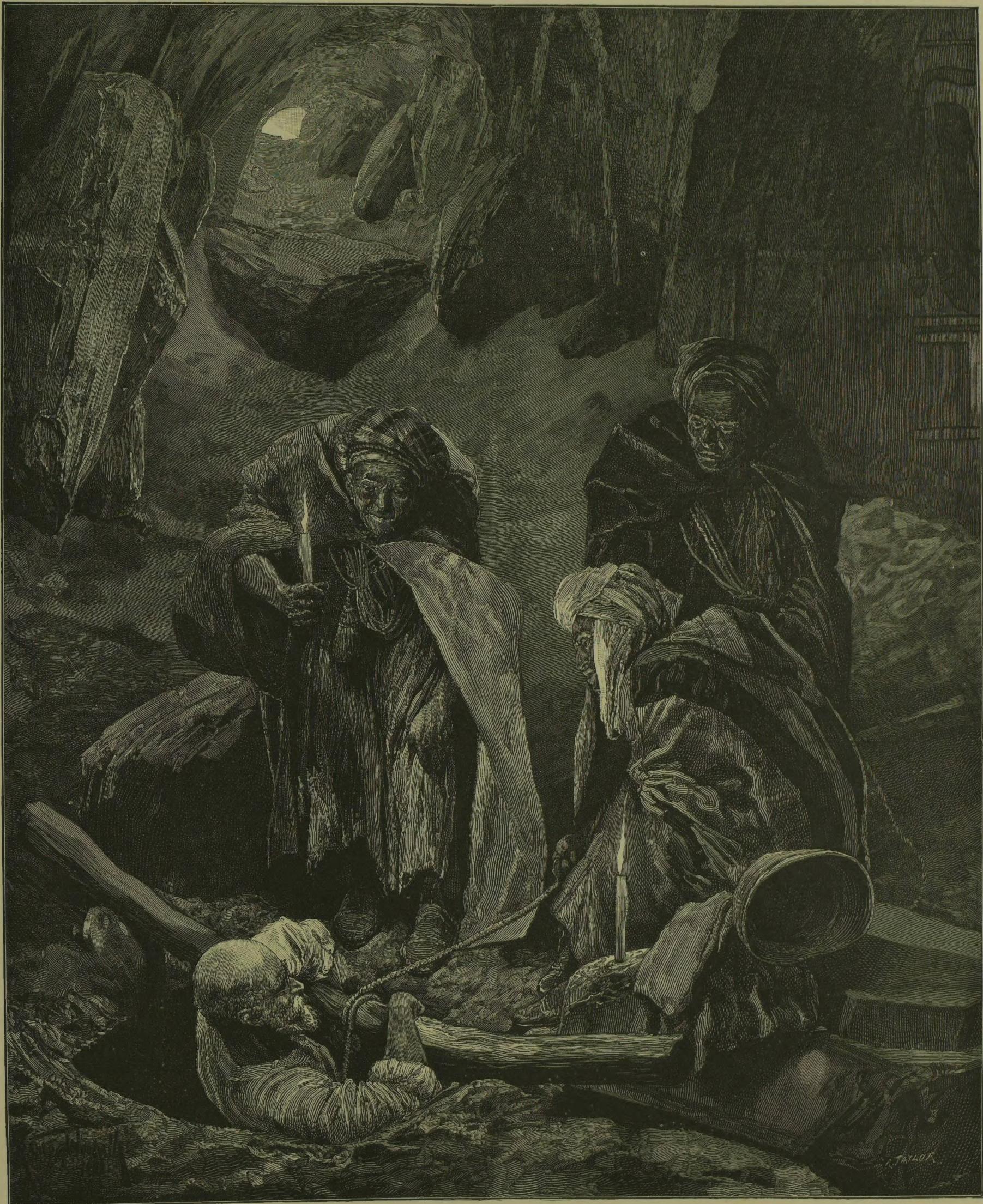
‡ The sacred snake—symbol of Egyptian Royalty.—ED.

§ The soul justified in Osiris.—ED.

of the great and ancient temple of Abouthis had, ere she died, been filled with the Spirit of Prophecy, and prophesied that her son should be Pharaoh, he was much afraid, and summoning some trusty guards—who, being Greeks, feared not to do sacrilege—he dispatched them by boat up the Nile, with orders to come to Abouthis and cut off the head of the child of the High Priest and bring it to him in a basket.

But as it chanced, the boat wherein the guards came being of deep draught, and the time of their coming being at the lowest ebb of the river, it struck and remained fast upon a bank of mud that is opposite the mouth of the road that runs across to the plains of Abouthis, and as the north wind was blowing very fiercely it was like to sink. Thereon the guards of Pharaoh called out to the common people who laboured

at lifting water along the banks of the river, to come with boats and take them off; but seeing that they were Greeks of Alexandria, the people would not, for the Egyptians love not the Greeks. Then they cried that they were on Pharaoh's business, and still the people would not, asking what was the business. Whereon a Eunuch among them who had made himself drunken in his fear, told them that they came



"The end of the rope was made fast round my middle, and I was lowered bodily into those sacred depths."

to slay the child of Amenemhat, the High Priest, of whom it was prophesied that he should be Pharaoh, and sweep the Greeks from Egypt. And thereon the people feared to stand longer in doubt, but brought boats, not knowing what might be meant by the man's words. But one there was among them—a farmer and an overseer of canals—who was a kinsman of my mother's and had been present when she pro-

phesied; and he turned and ran swiftly for three parts of an hour, till he came to where I lay in the house that is without the north wall of the great temple. Now, as it chanced, my father was away in that part of the Place of Tombs which is to the left of the large fortress, and Pharaoh's guards, mounted on asses, were hard upon us. Then the messenger cried to the old wife, Atoua, whose tongue had brought about the evil, and

told how the soldiers drew near to slay me. And they looked at each other, not knowing what to do; for, had they hid me, the guards would not have stayed their search till I was found. And the man, gazing through the doorway, perceived a little child at play.

"Woman," he said, "whose is that child?"

"It is my grandchild," she answered, "the foster-brother of the Prince Harmachis; the child to whose

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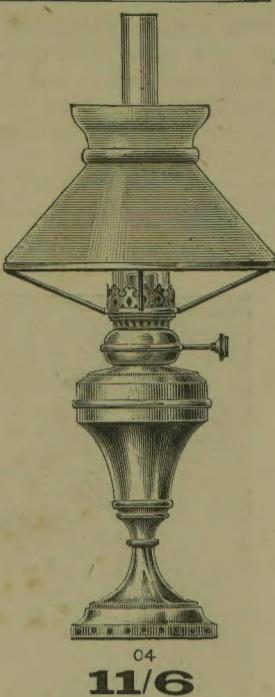
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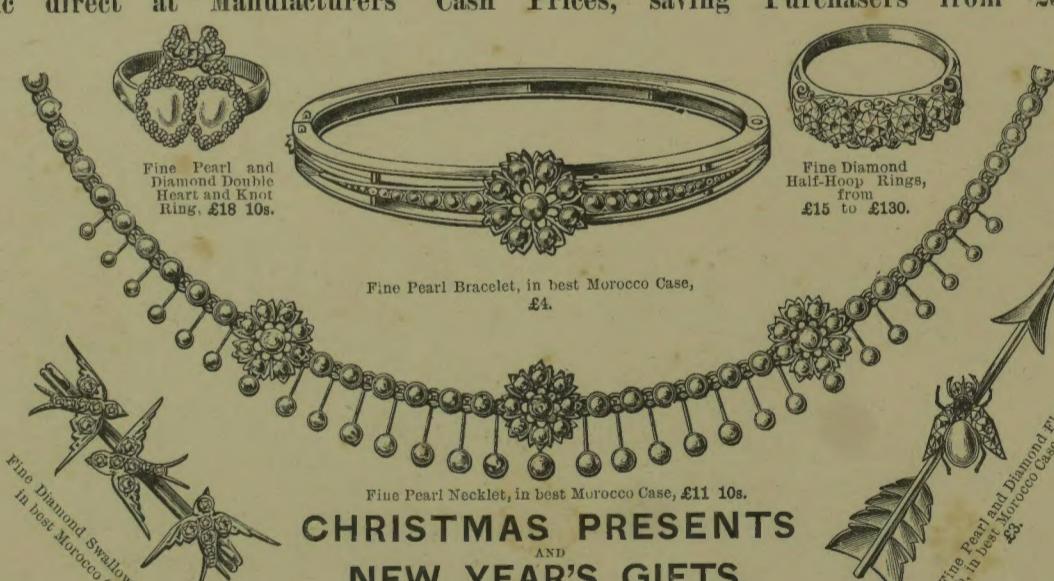
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CAUTION.—The Company regret to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT-STREET, W.

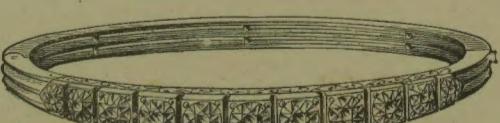
"A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS."

"We know of no enterprise of recent years which has been crowned with greater success than the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, who, just eight years ago, opened their show-rooms to place the productions of their workshops direct before the public, thus saving purchasers the numerous intermediate profits which are obtained by 'middle-men' on high-class goods. Such has been the appreciation by the public that the Company have now the largest business in England, and are quite supplanting the old-fashioned houses that pride themselves upon having been established so many decades, but have utterly failed to keep pace with the times, and find it impossible to depart from their long credit system, entailing bad debts, for which cash buyers have to compensate."—Court Journal.

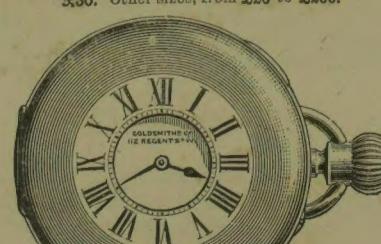


CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

CATALOGUE POST-FREE.



Fine Brazilian Diamond Bracelet, purest water, £30. Other sizes, from £20 to £200.



"THE RELIABLE"—Lady's Gold Keyless Lever Watch, fully jewelled movement, plain cases; hunter, demi-hunter, or crystal glass, with handsomely-engraved monogram, £10. If with richly-engraved Cases, 10s. extra.



Fine Pearl, Sapphire, and Diamond Fly Brooch, £12.



Fine Diamond Brooch, in best Morocco Case, £15.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Flies, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices.

SAPPHIRES from Ceylon, but with London cutting, mounted alone, or with Diamonds, in a great variety of ornaments.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of Novelties by the Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced to anticipate the requirements of purchasers.

CASH PRICES.—The Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

APPROBATION.—Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents, not being customers, should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have, through this means, the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, and which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

TESTIMONIALS.—The numerous recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers, is a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

OLD JEWELLERY, Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

MEDALS.—Awarded Seven Gold and Prize Medals and the Legion of Honour, a special distinction conferred on this Firm for the excellence of their manufactures.

CATALOGUE, containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post-free to all parts of the world.